Sept. 21, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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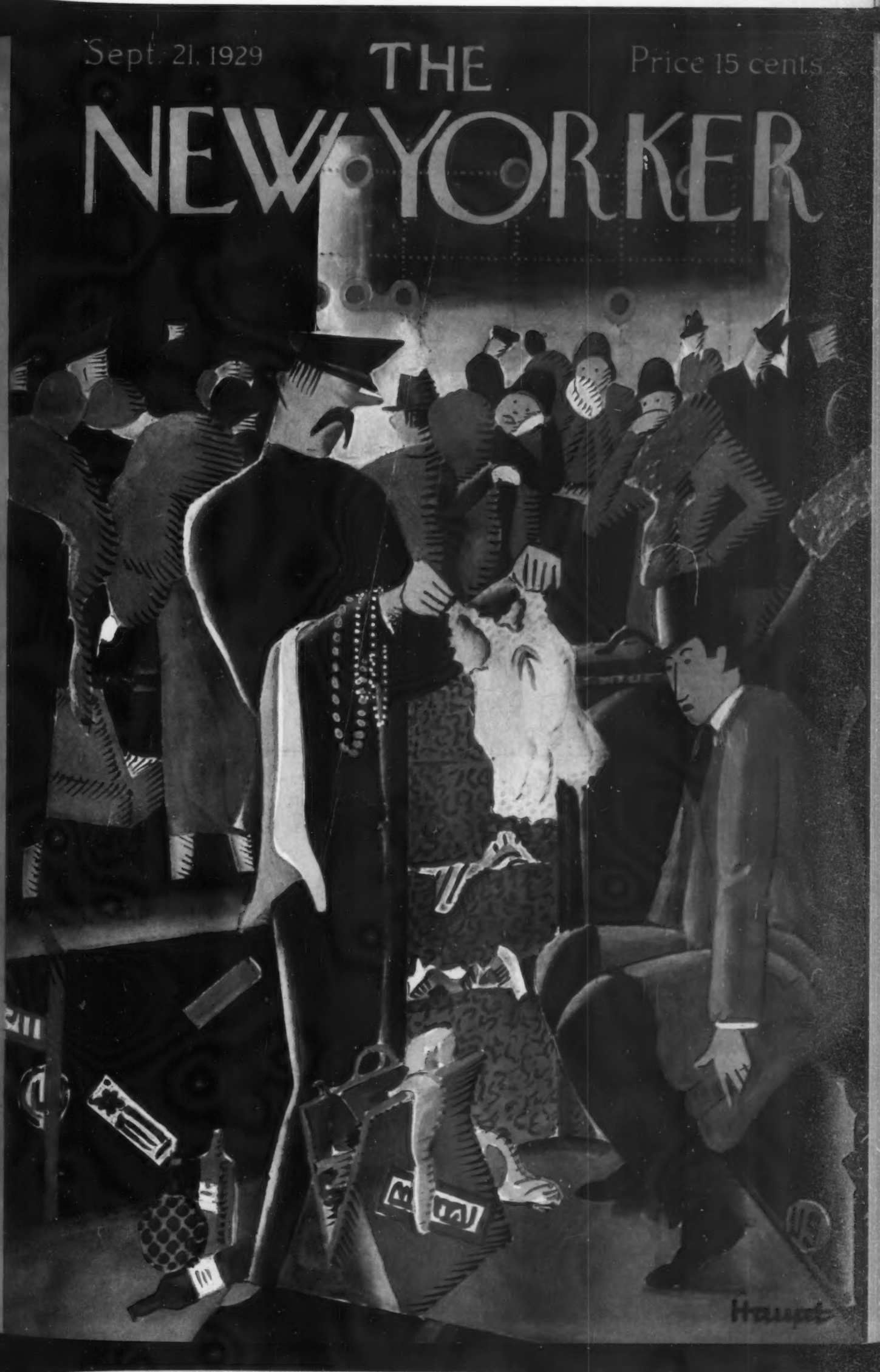

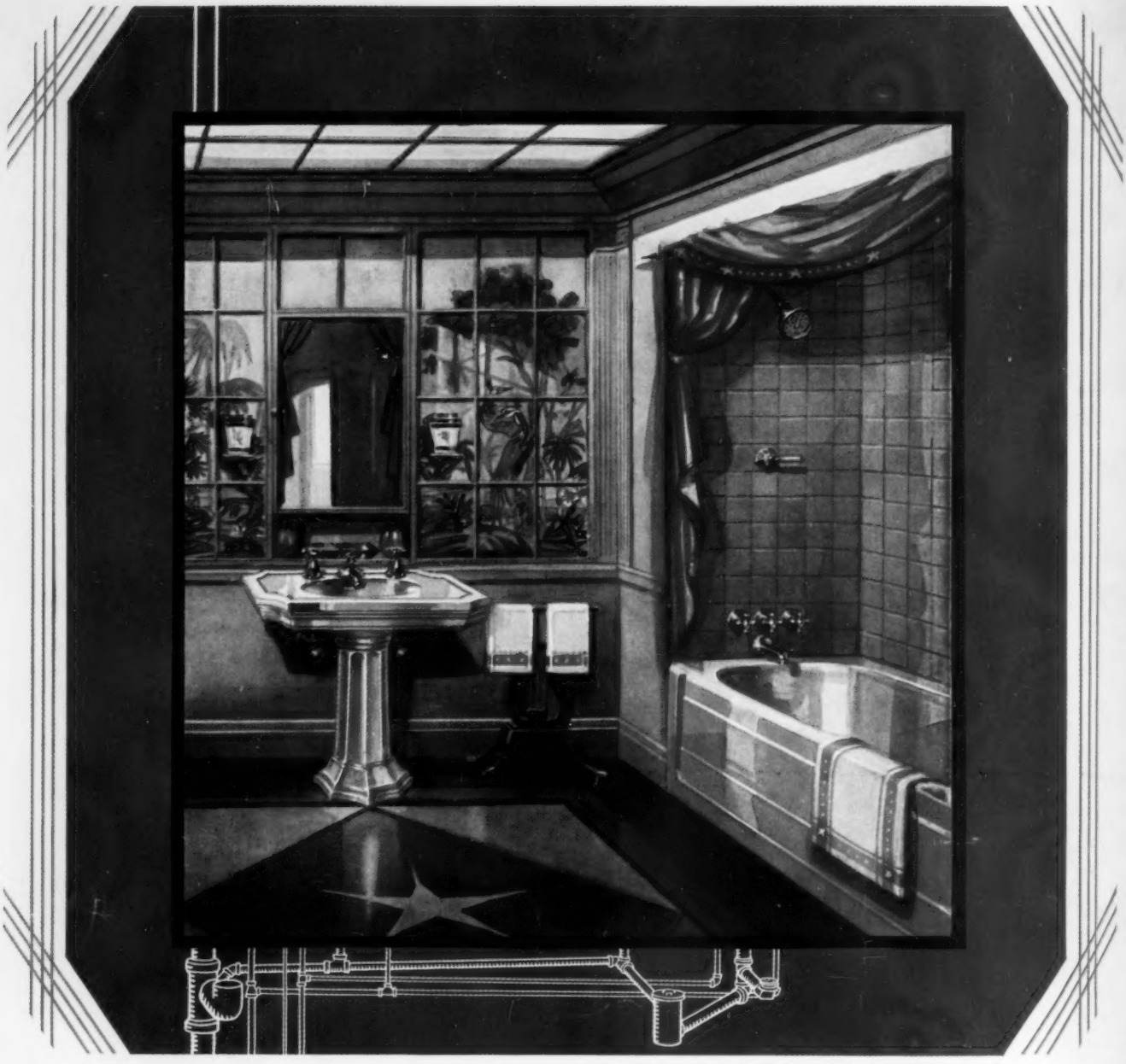

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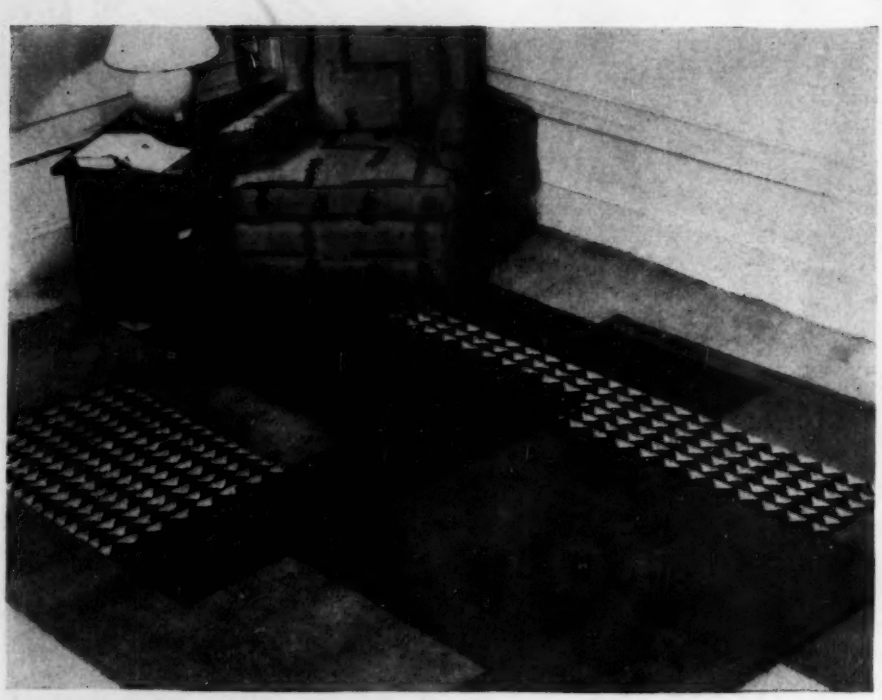

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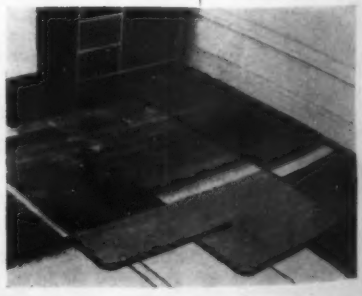
Kinoshita created this rug, which was made in Germany. It combines taupe, beige, green, blue, and tan. $297.00.



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It is a sad but inexorable law that Nature builds beauty only to destroy it. As early as twenty-five, youth begins to fade; Time to etch into the face. Scarcely perceptible at first, the lines grow deeper and more numerous with each passing year.

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Avail yourself at once of this European discovery. It is sold in two formulae. Amor Skin Number 1, of single strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength, for more obstinate cases.

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The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp-shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

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Our present source of supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild sponsors an unpretentious but very enjoyable light comedy from the Czechoslovakian. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Sea Gull," Tchekov's play, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Fri. Eve., Sept. 20; Sat. Mat., Sept. 21; Tues. Eve., Sept. 24; Wed. Mat., Sept. 25; Sat. Eve., Sept. 28.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Sat. Eve., Sept. 21; Thurs. Eve., Sept. 26.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," revival of Tchekov's exquisite play. (Mon. Eve., Sept. 23; Sat. Mat., Sept. 28.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Wed. Eve., Sept. 25.) . . . "The Master Builder." Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Fri. Eve., Sept. 27.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE COMMODORE MARRIES—Something ponderous out of Smollett dealing with a sea captain who got married by mistake. Everyone has to talk nautically. Walter Huston wins. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

GAMBLING—A good murder mystery which goes, with most other murder mysteries, off into space at the end. George M. Cohan wrote it, acts in it, and saves it. (Fulton, 46, W.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Comedy of small-town life crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore as a charming divorcée who encounters her philandering ex-husband at a Westchester house-party. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

PORGY—If you didn't see this fine negro drama when it was here before, take advantage of this limited return engagement. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

REMOTE CONTROL—Something new in murder mysteries: the scene is laid in a radio-broadcasting studio. Makes up in novelty what it lacks in finesse. (48th Street, 48, W.)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Showing how an evil-minded lady can just spoil everything for a British army post. With Violet Heming and A. E. Anson. (Ritz, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A lively show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of last season's musical leaders. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—An all-colored revue, half of which is a knockout, and the other half fair to middling. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, smart intimate revue, with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—An elaborate and highly original revue that is without doubt the best-looking show in town. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. Now in its second year on Broadway. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rough, jolly revue, featuring Ted Healy. Nearer the Shubert office than the Adriatic. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Notable for the wild comedy of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, and so beautifully put on by Ziegfeld that you can forget the dull book. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET ADELINE—The season's first musical hit, with Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others all dressed up in 1898 costumes. Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by the superb drollery of Eddie Cantor. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St., (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . Last two days of "The Black Crook" revival at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5732). Fri. and Sat., Sept. 20 and 21, at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Horace Heidt and his Californians, and Charlie Murray, will be at the Palace, Fri., Sept. 20. Bert Lytell and Baclanova will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Sept. 21. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

SWEETHEARTS—A two weeks' revival of Victor Herbert's operetta. Opens Sat., Sept. 21. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—The postponed opening of George White's annual revue, with Willie and Eugene Howard, and Frances Williams, is announced for Mon., Sept. 23. (Apollo, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY—A new play by Philip Dunning. Opens Mon., Sept. 23. (Knickerbocker, B'way at 38. 8:50 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—Ernest Truex in a play by Monckton Hoffe. Opens Wed., Sept. 25. (Maxine Elliot, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

THE STAR OF BENGAL—A melodrama of the sea, by Thompson Buchanan and Joan Lowell, with Miss Lowell. Opens Wed., Sept. 25. (Lyric, Hoboken. 8:30 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

ROPE'S END—A play by Patrick Hamilton, with an English cast. (Masque, 45, W.)

A STRONG MAN'S HOUSE—Mary Nash in Lee Wilson Dodd's play. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dancing during dinner in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Strikingly decorated by Joseph Urban; dancing during dinner and after the theatre to Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Dinner and supper dancing; Emil Coleman's music.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46

(Continued on page 12)

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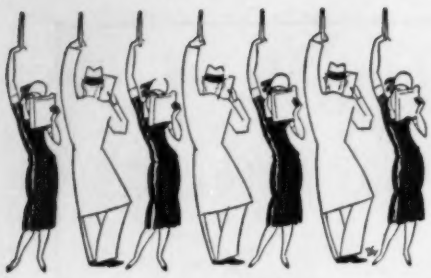

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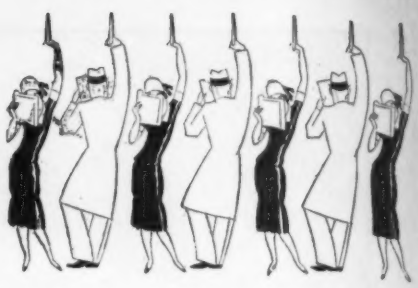

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(Continued from page 10)

(Plaza 4600), transformed into a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music, with Veloz and Yolanda dancing; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Other aerial places, and apt to be full of out-of-towners: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not a roof, but cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical night clubs of this kind are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, open-air, with Jack White. . . . Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, Bobbe Arnst and Fred Keating entertaining.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9 (Jack Powell, the trap-drummer, is there); The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, recently opened. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14; and The Russian Bear, 201 2 Ave.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Less than an hour's drive from Times Square: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dinner and dancing on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., music by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan and her gang; open all night.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Superior to the general run of thrillers. Ronald Colman is the rescuing hero. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

THE DANCE OF LIFE—Successful and effective movie of the play "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—War and romance in Africa. Especially fine pictures of the jungle animals. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—Bright and amusing musical show about the ladies of Broadway and their victims of Wall Street. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HALLELUJAH—The all-negro movie of life in the cotton fields. An unusual and distinguished picture. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A lavish and extensive musical show, with a regiment of stars. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

JEALOUSY—Jeanne Eagels as superb as ever in a tragic drama of the emotions. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 26 and 27; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Big Time," a movie of show people which is agreeably entertaining, thanks to Lee Tracy; "The Cock Eyed World," rough comedy on a big scale, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe playing the two marines; "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," exciting presentation of the popular thriller; "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," Norma Shearer in a diverting movie of Lonsdale's comedy; "Woman Trap," the problems of a police officer whose little brother is a gangster.

ART

IMPRESSIONISTS—The French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MIXED—Show of good American and foreign painters, the latter recent imports: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary American and European artists: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MUSIC

FINE ARTS OPERA COMPANY—The postponed première of Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame" is announced for Sat., Sept. 28, at 8:30 P.M., at the Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave.

ON THE AIR

CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., Sept. 21 and 28, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

MOVIE AND STAGE STARS—Jeanne Eagels, Clive Brook, Charles Ruggles, Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane, and others, in Paramount-Publix broadcast: Sat., Sept. 21, at 10 P.M., over WABC. . . . Hal Skelly, Gary Cooper, Lillian Roth, Jeanette MacDonald, and others: Sat., Sept. 28, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

LIGHT OPERA—"When Sweet Sixteen," by Victor Herbert: Sun., Sept. 22, at 4 P.M., over WJZ.

POPULAR MUSIC—Phil Ohman and Victor Arden, piano soloists, with orchestra: Sun., Sept. 22, at 8:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Paul Whiteman and his orchestra: Tues., Sept. 24, at 9 P.M., over WABC. . . . Vincent Lopez and his orchestra: Thurs., Sept. 26, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

SANTA BIONDO—Soprano, with orchestra: Sun., Sept. 22, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

GRAND OPERA—"La Traviata:" Wed., Sept. 25, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

EVA LE GALLIENNE—And the Civic Repertory Players will broadcast "A Sunny Morning," by the Brothers Quintero: Thurs., Sept. 26, at 6:30 P.M., over WABC.

BEBE DANIELS—Movie star; John Held, Jr., cartoonist; and others: Thurs., Sept. 26, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Sat., Sept. 28, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Tommy Loughran vs. Jack Sharkey, heavyweights: Yankee Stadium, Thurs., Sept. 26; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout about 10 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—First games of season: Sat. Aft., Sept. 28, at 2:30 P.M.—Columbia vs. Middlebury, Baker Field, B'way at 218. (Take B'way subway to 215 St.) . . . N. Y. U. vs. Vermont, Ohio Field, University Ave. at 181. (Take East Side subway to 180 St.) . . . Fordham vs. Westminster, Fordham Field. (Take 3 Ave. "L" to Fordham Rd. or N. Y. C. train to Fordham Sta.) . . . C. C. N. Y. vs. Rider College, Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to 137 St. or Bus No. 5.) . . . Army vs. Boston University, West Point. (Ferry for West Shore train leaves W. 42 St. at 11:45 A.M.)

DOG SHOWS—Ladies Kennel Association of America, Rye, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 21. . . . Englewood Kennel Club, Englewood, N. J., Sat., Sept. 28.

GOLF—Westchester County Open Tournament, Gedney Farm G. C., White Plains, N. Y., Mon. through Wed., Sept. 23-25.

HORSE SHOWS—National Polo Pony Show, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I., Sat., Sept. 21. . . . Greenwich Horse Show, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Sept. 21. . . . Smithtown Horse Show, Smithtown C. C., St. James, L. I., Sat., Sept. 21.

HUNT RACES—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, on the estate of F. Ambrose Clark, Westbury, L. I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 28.

POLO—Waterbury Cup Final, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I., Sat., Sept. 21, at 4 P.M. (Special train leaves Penn. Sta. at 3 P.M.)

RACING—Aqueduct track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TRACK—New York Athletic Club Fall Games: Travers Island, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 21, at 2:30 P.M. (Take N.Y.W. & B.R.R. from E. 133 and Harlem River to 5 Ave., North Pelham, and trolley to Travers Island.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: City Island Y. C., Sat., Sept. 21; Manhasset Bay Y. C., Port Washington, Sat., Sept. 28.

OTHER EVENTS

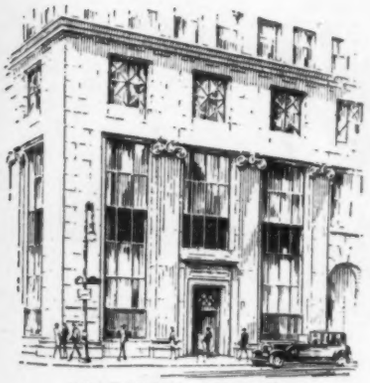
AIR CIRCUS—Aerial acrobatics, parachute leaps, etc. Fun for the crowd: Roosevelt Field, L. I., every Sun. at 2 P.M. (Take L.I.R.R., Penn. Sta., to Mineola, or motor out Nassau Boulevard.)

RADIO SHOW—Annual display of the latest for listeners-in: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Sat., Sept. 23-28. Open from 1 to 11 P.M.

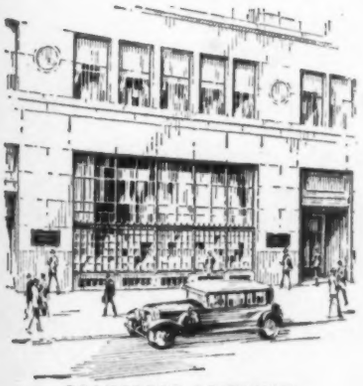
ANTIQUE FURNITURE—An exhibition of eighteenth and early nineteenth-century furniture and glass, together with portraits by Stuart, Peale, Trumbull, and others: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57, starting Wed., Sept. 25.

MIDTOWN OFFICES
GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE
AT 44TH STREET



MADISON AVENUE
AT 60TH STREET



MADISON AVENUE
AT 39TH STREET

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INTEREST is paid in accordance with our balance requirements.

As a depositor at one office you may also cash checks or make deposits at any of our other offices.

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You can make use of the complete investment service of the Guaranty Company of New York.

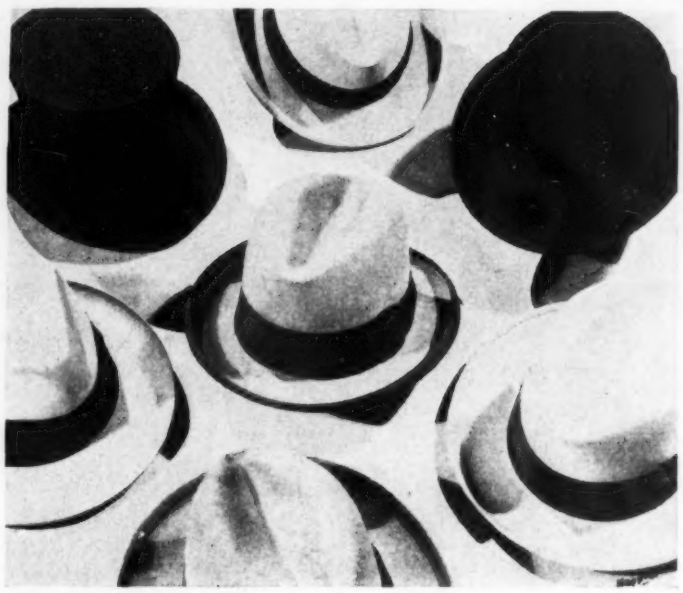
The vaults of the Guaranty Safe Deposit Company are located at the 44th Street & 60th Street Offices.

There are exceptionally well appointed departments for women.

The services of our European Offices are available when you go abroad.

We shall be pleased to discuss your banking needs with you at the Office most convenient for you.

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP



DUNLAP injects a highly original formality into his autumn hats: you will remark a bit more taper to the crown, a more pronounced curl to the brim, and an air of substantial "manner." The derby, of course, is reestablished in smart propriety. The opera hat has a dashing, almost "hourglass" flare to it; the topper will highlight increasingly this most brilliant of all new seasons . . . The trend, of course, is important to you only as Dunlap has interpreted and perfected it in the models which are most accurately suitable to you—and they are ready for you now . . . From eight-and-one-half to forty dollars.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 46th STREET, NEW YORK . . . 304 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Offices may be beautiful as well as businesslike . . . and cost no more

THE day of the drab office is over. A few brilliant examples from the country's ablest executives—a few cautious experiments—and good taste came to the office to stay.

Not the least reason for its victory was its efficiency. A tasteful office proved to be a better place in which to work and think. Quiet, restful surroundings minimized the tension of active days. Comfortable, attractive furniture eased the body and released the mind to keener, more direct thinking.

True, an attractive setting reflects pleasantly upon the prestige of any firm. It speaks well and favorably to strangers. But the decisive factor remains—individual efficiency. A good-looking chair is usually more comfortable than an ugly one. A broad, well-proportioned desk is more business-like than a skimpy one. Harmonious colors, balanced spaces, comfortable fittings give a fine sense of uncluttered effort to the room in which you work.

You can, of course, spend thousands of dollars to achieve this end. But you can also work modern miracles with a modest sum. Flint & Horner have made a special study of office interiors. We have given over an entire floor of our great shop to a series of model offices and installed a staff of trained decorators.

Put your problem to them. They will study your individual needs and work with you to keep the solution within the limits of your official budget. You may be surprised to find that a small office 15x15 can well be done for as little as $300.

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Exclusive distributors of "Clemco" desks

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Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

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An Entirely New
Concept of Fashion

MODERN DRESSMAKER FASHIONS

(Designed in our custom workrooms on the premises)

Two Paris showings a year are no longer sufficient to care for the needs of the woman of fashion. To augment these great showings, Saks-Fifth Avenue will present new models every week.

These will be exclusive styles, based on authentic Paris ideas, executed in our workrooms on the premises by the most skilled creative staff money can secure.

Not only will the models be exclusive but in nearly every instance, the fabrics will be confined to Saks-Fifth Avenue.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just read another prophecy of what the city will be in fifty years. The general impression is of vast white towers in a golden haze. You push a button and summon health, wealth, and happiness. We have been hearing that sort of thing ever since telegraph poles were on Broadway. The fact is that in 1979 it will take half an hour to get through the theatre district at 110th Street. There will be puddles in the sidewalk, talk of tearing down the "L," and another subway will be projected. About this time a helicopter taxi will sideswipe a triplane coal cart and everybody at Fifty-third Street and Eighth

Avenue will get hit on the head with coal. In the rush hour on the East Side dirigible line, the crowd on the platform will push a man off and he will fall into the East River. Hotel clerks will be more uncivil than ever, the beaches as dirty, telephones will give wrong numbers, the streets will be torn up, and campaign orators will be saying just what they are saying now, as they were fifty years ago, and the town won't seem what it used to be in the old days. Maybe the liquor will be better by that time, but the same kind of elevator boy is going to carry you a hundred stories past your floor and be just as haughty about it. Prophets always leave out the eternal mud.

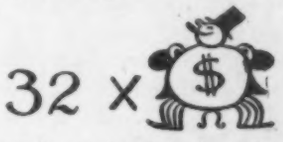
SOMETIMES we wish that the immigration laws required the maintenance of native costumes by our visitors. We are sure that for many months no lady who has passed under the noses of the library lions was so

lovely as the one we saw the other day in orange Hindu garments feeding the pigeons on the terrace.

IF you think it over, the model restaurant they have opened in the Museum of Natural History has fabulous possibilities. We used to look untroubled at the meteorites and the caveman carvings, in an erudite way, but now we cock our ear, half expecting a guard to march through the aisles shouting, "First call for lunch in the dinosaur ahead." And what an oxtail soup a dinosaur would make. They could run the restaurant as those places are run where gourmets see their fish alive in a tank. At the museum they have to offer the tempting things of all space and all time—reedbirds, tastily displayed in their native habitat, whales such as were served in Chaucer's time with a sauce made from violets. The varieties of twenty million years are there to tease an appetite for shellfish. A ptarmigan in polar snow, or that other bird from the equator? A

mastodon steak, such as the Siberians are said to relish today, after it has been fifteen thousand years in ice? How about roast dodo, and for dessert the iridescent Portuguese man-of-war that looks like an elfin confection? The birds and beasts are there, every kind that has ever been eaten and more besides—and the museum at the moment has many expeditions in the field. It is too much; one falls back with relish on the braised lamb of the present menu.

THE statement issued by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, in whom we have such faith that we haven't even bothered to check the figures, announces that Americans are now insured for one hundred billion dollars, which is thirty-two times as much as other people in the world. This statement, as might be suspected, proves something. To the insurance



presidents it proves that Americans are thirty-two times as prosperous, thirty-two times as virtuous and industrious as anybody else, and love their wives and children thirty-two times as much. Perhaps, however, it merely proves that Americans are thirty-two times as much bothered by telephone solicitations, personal visits, and selling arguments as other people, and are therefore thirty-two times as jumpy and apprehensive, and have only one thirty-second of anybody else's sales resistance.

Boy Wonder

JED HARRIS, who, one way or another, has been a major phenomenon of Broadway the past few years, has retired from business—aged 30, weight 120. He closed his office some weeks ago, demobilized his staff, and took his ship for England. His an-

nounced plan was to buy a house in London, lay in a library, and do several years of reading. If he got around to it he might write some books, having several in mind. He had long been an admirer of England, it was known. For one thing, as he pointed out, it produced great men in comparatively large numbers, whereas America didn't. The Harris retirement talk had been in the air for a year or more, but nobody believed that a young man who in his twenties had built up a business rewarding him with wide public acclaim and several hundred thousand dollars a year could be serious in such chatter. Nevertheless he has gone. It's hard to believe, and those who knew him are half expecting him to come tearing back across the ocean with several scripts in his hand and start hiring casts and renting theatres again. He is a noted mind-changer. He has been known to change plan entirely four times in one night. Word already comes back that there was a complication over the title of the house he had intended to buy in London and that he has decided to make Italy the background of his retirement. One change already.

Harris was born Horowitz in Newark, one of a large Jewish family. After his public schooling he went to Yale. There he was little in evidence, even in his classes. It turned out later that he spent most of his time reading —omnivorously, fiercely, ravenously —philosophy, history, biography, literature, and everything else. At the end of two years he decided he didn't like Yale. He decided moreover that, having got as much as he had of life academically, he would now get some actually. He became a hobo. He beat his way from New Haven to Denver, having many adventures en route. In Denver he ran into a citizen who aspired to get out a weekly publication devoted to news of the arts. Harris talked this gentleman into hiring him as editor and, moreover, into advancing him money for new clothes, the ones he had being pretty tattered by that time. He was successful in Denver but left suddenly after four months, returning East by blind baggage. He rode on trains to Albany and a man gave him a ride to New York in an automobile. Then he went to Europe, stoking coal for his passage, bummed around, and returned. It was at this point that he went into the theatrical business. His first jobs were minor, and many. Poor or rich he was always scrappy and full of fireworks, and in those days, with four dollars in his pocket, he would walk out of a sixty-five-dollar-a-week job because the place wasn't run to suit him as quickly as, later, he would scratch the eyes out of a Shubert over a ten-thousand-dollar item in a booking contract. Finally he announced himself as a producer and, getting a few thousand dollars together, presented "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." This was only fairly successful, but he followed with "Broadway," "Coquette," "The Royal Family," and "The Front Page," all sensations, and two or three others that weren't really bad. He wasn't only the producer of these but had his finger deep in the casting, directing, and the writing too. At one time (when Harris was twenty-eight), he had seven productions, counting road companies, running at once. His income exceeded $40,000 a week. Over his brief career only the old-established Theatre Guild bettered him in total number of productions. Nobody bettered him in profits. He had plans for a repertory company with Ina Claire, Holbrook Blinn, Ruth Gordon, and others. Blinn died. Shortly thereafter two shows in which he planned to present Miss Claire and Miss Gordon didn't come up to expectations in tryouts and he closed them out of town. Perhaps this caused him to lose interest in the theatre. At any rate he is out of it now. He always spoke of it as a temporary means of expressing his various talents and once explained that he went into it as a result of a boyish conclusion reached while at Yale. He said that, reflecting one evening upon what he would do when he got out of college, he realized that if he couldn't make good at anything else he could produce plays. He had seen all the offerings in New Haven over a period of two years and knew he could put on better shows. At least he could do *that*.

Penny Prothalamion

EVEN young love has been affected by the mechanistic times. Strolling along the Palisades, where once the young man fired by his fancy and handy with a pocket-knife would carve his lady's and his own initials on a tree trunk and entwine them within a heart —strolling along the Palisades, a gentleman came upon an oak to which had been tacked a small aluminum disc, of the kind punched out for a penny at Coney Island and in railroad stations, bearing the inscription, "Julia G. and Bill H."

Red Stronghold

MR. WILLIAM J. BURNS and the vigilantes of eight or ten years ago may be interested to know, if they're not up to date on the subject, that the Red Stronghold of the city is now the Proletcos Coöperative Cafeteria on the east side of Union Square. It is, as anyone connected with the place will readily tell you, the only successful communistic cafeteria in this country. It is dedicated to the proposition that workers must eat cheap and talk. At any hour of the day scores of workers may be found sitting inside eating and talking, or just talking. Twice as many more are outside on the sidewalk, knotted in endless arguments, so that passers-by on capitalistic errands have to detour into the street to get by. Ordinarily these debates are peaceful, but there have been times, as last spring during the fur strike, when mobs gather, cops charge about, and heads get broken.

The restaurant has none of the back-cellar atmosphere generally associated with communism. That idea is old-fashioned now, and pretty outmoded. Proletcos (an anonymous garment worker made up the word by combining "proletarian" and "coöperative") has as much tile flooring, glass, brass railing, and paper napkins as a Thompson's Lunch. The menu is about the same as that of any cafeteria, as are the prices, except that shareholders get a ten-per-cent reduction on anything they buy. Shareholders total six hundred, all workers. One of the great problems that keep popping up at their meetings is what to do with the profits. Being committed to the theory that money should not make money they cannot pay themselves dividends. This makes it hard to get rid of surplus cash. Recently they enlarged the place, installed modernistic lighting fixtures and commissioned Hugo Gellert to do a magnificent fresco on the walls. Pay-

ing for new equipment will keep down the surplus for a while. After that, if the money keeps rolling in, they will probably open a branch cafeteria somewhere—many people favor Detroit. They now serve some five thousand customers a day. Another problem came a few months ago when a number of cafeteria countermen throughout the city went on strike. It was finally decided that it would be kind of foolish for the Proletcos workers to walk out on themselves, and so a sympathetic strike was averted.

Many important radicals have visited the place but the mass of people seen there provide about an even mixture of workingmen and students. It is a forum for their discussions. So is the area before the bank building next door, which provides a Grecian portico and a Doric background for discussion. It may be this which gives a Socratic flavor to some of the dialogue. "Do you believe in God?" one young man in a starched collar was demanding of another as we listened. "Go ahead!" he said, as the other hesitated. "Take either side. . . ."

Letter-Perfect

A YOUNG couple who sailed late from France were in a dilemma about the furniture they had ordered delivered to their new apartment and wirelessed the superintendent as follows: "Rugs coming from Sloan stop furniture Lord and Taylor stop linens McCutcheon stop twin beds from Wanamakers stop kindly arrange everything awaiting our arrival Tuesday night." They landed, drove to their new home, and were greeted by the superintendent, who wore a happy smile. "You got our wireless?" "That I did, ma'am," said the superintendent. "I fixed everything up. I had a hard time with some of the drivers but I finally got 'em all to take everything back."

Lawyer and Philanthropist

LOUIS MARSHALL never lived like the millionaire he was. He wore his clothes until they were shiny and baggy; he would wear a hat for as long as three years. He never owned an automobile. He always rode to work on the Third Avenue "L" and came home on the Lexington Avenue subway, usually hanging to a strap and reading the baseball scores. No one can remember his ever having attended a game but he was always up on the league standings. He was raised in poverty and abhorred extravagance, which he considered one of the vices of the day. He was noted as a philanthropist but he would save stamped, addressed envelopes received from business concerns, scratch out the addresses, and use them in his personal correspondence. He often wrote important

• •

"Garçon!"

letters on the backs of advertising circulars.

In his office, Marshall worked in his shirtsleeves. All the drawers of his desk were kept open so they could serve as racks for his law books. No clerk ever helped him with his briefs. He looked up everything himself and months afterward could name the pages on which he had found certain citations. His memory was trained by his mother, who made him, as a child, read chapters of books to her and then recite as much as he could recall. In college he was held a genius in memory tests. It was this that enabled him to finish law school in half the allotted time. He had a vast law library in his home and often worked in it all night.

So devoutly did the noted lawyer revere the Constitution that he regarded anyone who broke an amendment, including the Eighteenth, as practically guilty of treason. A die-hard Republican, he would defend anyone of any party if it were on constitutional grounds. Thus he was one of the first to come to the defence of the Socialists ousted from the New York Assembly. He had no use for Socialists but he did for their constitutional rights. He defended the Civil Liberties Union. Often he took such cases without a fee, and once he said he would be willing to pay for the privilege.

Marshall had a secret leaning toward poetry and wrote many sonnets. A few of these were published anonymously. He occasionally wrote humorous sketches in dialect and read them to friends. He read books in half a dozen languages. He liked few contemporary American authors except Dreiser. He considered "Sister Carrie" one of the great novels of all time. Walter Hampden was one of the few actors he found time to see in plays. He loved the Adirondacks and opposed all efforts to industrialize them by power companies and others. He was an authority on trees and wildflowers. Usually kindly, even jovial, his profanity was matchless when aroused. He sometimes even startled banquets and luncheons with purple phrases. Once he caused a furore at a dinner given to the Rumanian Minister of Finance, here to arrange a loan, by denouncing Rumania as a country which didn't deserve a loan until it became civilized. The loan wasn't made.

Although the jurist was for the Constitution always, there was one victory in his career which he half regretted, a decision he won which kept John Hylan in office as a county judge—because, as it turned out, it also kept Hylan in public life.

Mr. Lorelei

A BURLY trackman on the Sixth Avenue "L" provided a full five minutes of entertainment, from the time he produced a large ivory hand mirror from his hip pocket. He would putter around for a while, examining this and that connection and then thrust the mirror down beneath the ties and peer into it. Inspecting bolts, we realized. Straightening up from one of these examinations, he settled back against a cross-piece, gave himself up to long and earnest study of his own reflection in the glass. He turned his head from side to side, frowned, smiled, adjusted his tie, and critically examined the results of his shave. Then, as though he might have thought "Not so bad," he wiped the glass on the seat of his overalls, and went back to his study of the bolt situation.

Lost Art

BECAUSE a snuffbox was found on the sidewalk after a shooting affray in Brooklyn, the police are not to conclude that some gallant old gentleman was engaged in the affair. *Au contraire.* Our tobacconist, whose knowledge is extensive, says that snuff is still manufactured in this country, it being one of the very oldest of American industries, but that it is used now almost wholly by a comparatively few people in the South and Middle West, Norwegian seafaring men along South Street, a few foreigners, and New England salts; and few of these sniff it. They place a pinch in the mouth between the cheek and gum and get the flavor that way. Some of the hardier ones, alas, chew it. As for

the ladies who "manipulated jewelled snuffboxes to shew their diamond rings, handsome hands, and snowy arms," they now reach for a Lucky, or a sweet, or something. Many of the tobacco shops in the Avenue district carry snuff, and in three different flavors, but they don't get a call for it once a month.

The George W. Helme Company has a big snuff factory over at Helmetta, New Jersey, which traces its history back to 1760 via what is now Bronx Park. Up there still stands an old snuff mill, erected in that year, which passed from the Lorillards, its first owners, to the Helme company. The Helme company abandoned it years ago when it consolidated its several factories at Helmetta. The city has preserved it as a landmark.

Feet of Clay

THE Colonel Lindberghs landed in a plane the other day, about as might any other couple, except that a movie man was there with a camera—and a microphone concealed under his coat. He got a film of what happened and also, secretly, such noises and words as there were, and scurried off exultantly. He had been pretty excited and didn't realize until he had got to the studio and developed the sound part of the film, or whatever they do to it, that he had caught the nation's hero reproving his wife for not having worn a petticoat. The management, realizing the enormity of their servant's act, and their own terrible responsibility, decided instantly to destroy the film and say nothing about it.

WHEN Mrs. Lindbergh travels in her husband's plane, there is little room for tea-gowns and frills. In Cleveland for the air races, she had to borrow an evening wrap from her hostess, Mrs. Parmely Herrick. She explained that she could take along only one evening dress, and that an extra wrap was out of the question. Aerial transport hasn't solved that problem up to now.

At the home of the Charles Otises in Cleveland, Lindbergh's hosts discovered a new way of entertaining him. One of the guests found some small pegs and, more humorously than otherwise, suggested a game of mumbletypeg. Lindbergh took to this idea at once. The party therefore solemnly went out into the yard and played. Lindbergh was the best.

Runners

WE'VE lately learned something we didn't know about Wall Street messenger boys. Not even their employers seem to know it. It's this: the bright-eyed couriers have discovered that fleetness of foot is just an old Greek custom, and that by doing less running and more fraternizing with other messengers, they can get more errands run. It's the old American principle of the merger or the combine. The messengers, meeting each other in the course of their journeys, trade errands according to localities. Instead of rushing five or six blocks with a million dollars' worth of securities, a messenger will casually hand them to a runner who's going in that direction, and take something from him in return. By skillful manipulation, boys sometimes hold down jobs with two or three financial houses, instead of just one. They're not supposed to, but they do. Instead of earning fifteen dollars a week, they earn forty-five.

Ein, Zwei, Dry

A GENTLEMAN visiting Berlin was attracted to the "American Bar" in the Kaiserhof Hotel, entered, and commanded "Dry Martini." The bartender, apparently less American than the bar, stared, and then set out before the astonished American three Martini cocktails, in a row. The bartender's look had so much admiration in it that the gentleman tossed off all the drinks. His limit is two and it upset his whole week.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"It's done, Frank—Junior's all told."
"All told what?"
"The facts—you know, all about the flowers."

THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION

THE two young New Yorkers sat on the cool terrace that rose sharp from the Mediterranean, and looked into deep gin fizzes, embellished, in the Riviera manner, with mint. They were dressed, the girl and the young man, in identical garments; but anyone could easily have distinguished between him and her. Their costumes seemed to have been assembled in compliment to the general region of their Summer visit, lest any one district feel slighted; they wore berets, striped fishing-shirts, wide-legged cotton trousers, and rope-soled *espadrilles*. Thus, a Frenchman, summering at an American resort, might have attired himself in a felt sombrero, planter's overalls, and rubber hip-boots.

A bay of smooth, silent water stretched between their backs and the green and white island where the Man in the Iron Mask had been prisoned, his face shrouded in black velvet and hope in his sick heart. To their right, back of the long rocks, lay the town the Phoenicians founded, and beyond it the four-pointed fort that the wise had proclaimed, when Vauban planned it, would end all war for all time. The mild harbor to which Napoleon had come back from Elba dented the shore to their left. Far in the hills above their lowered eyes hung the little vertical city from the walls of which the last of the relayed signal fires had risen, to flame back to Italy the news of Caesar's fresh conquests in Gaul. . . .

"COME on, sea-pig," the young man said. "Get rid of that, and we'll fasten onto another. Oh, garçon. Encore deux jeen feezes, tou de suite."

"Yes, sir," his waiter said.

"And mettez un peu more de jeen in them cette fois, baby," the young man said. "Atta boy. Wonderful little yellow race, these French."

"They're crazy," the girl said. "You should have seen that poor nut Bill and I crashed into, driving back from the Casino at four o'clock this morning. My God, all we did was bust his bumper a little, and you'd have thought we'd killed him. He kept screaming all this stuff about why did these Americans come over here, anyway. And there was Bill, so tight he couldn't see, yelling right back at him, 'Yes, and if we hadn't come over, this would be Germany now.' I never laughed so hard in my life."

"Casino any good last night?" he said.

"Oh, it was all right," she said. "Bill lost eighty-five thousand francs."

"How much is that in money?" he said.

"Lord knows," she said. "I can't be bothered figuring. We didn't stay long. I was in bed by half-past four."

"I got in at seven," he said. "And woke up at eleven o'clock, still stewed."

"What did you do all evening?" she said.

"I don't remember much about it," he said. "I must have barged all around. There was one place where I got up and led the orchestra—I guess that must have been at the Splendide. Oh, yes, I remember now. And Bob Weed got this idea in his head he wanted to play a violin, and this Frog violinist they have in the orchestra wouldn't let him have his, and the thing got broken in the struggle, and the Frog cried. Honestly. Cried his head off. Bob gave him five hundred francs."

"He's crazy," she said. "A hundred would have been more than enough."

"Well, Bob was drunk," he said.

"I'M crazy about the Splendide," she said. "It's just like the Desert Club, back in New York."

"There was a good crowd there last

"Must be some lad, that Dill."

night," he said. "Lady Sylvia Goring was giving a big party."

"Was she tight?" she said.

"Oh, sure," he said. "To the eyes. Gosh, she's an attractive jane. I think I'll have to go to work on that."

"You haven't a chance," she said. "She only likes chauffeurs and sailors. Who else was there?"

"Oh, tout le monde," he said. "The whole bunch."

"I wish we'd gone," she said. "But Bill couldn't have made it. He couldn't have kept on his feet for the President of France—whoever that may be."

"It's Poincare or however you say it, isn't it?" he said. "Or somebody."

"Well, it's my idea of nothing to worry about," she said. "I've got other things to think of. Oh, look. See that girl over there?"

She pointed to a neighboring table where sat four other heirs of the ages, two young women and two young men, all with New York in their voices, all dressed in fishing-shirts and berets and wide trousers.

"The one that forgot her brassiere?" he said.

"No," she said, "the one with her feet in the man's lap. Well, she's the one that gave that marvelous party last week, where a lot of people got tight and went in swimming off the rocks with nothing on, and she had big searchlights played on them. Isn't that the most divine idea?"

"That was before I came down from Paris," he said. "I was still trying to get out of the Ritz bar, last week. Who's the pansy she's got her feet on?"

"I think he writes or something," she said. "There's an awful mob of those kind of people around here. Somebody said What's-his-name was here last year—you know, writes all those plays. Oh, *you* know. Shaw."

"He must have looked great," he said, "in swimming with a beard on."

"Oh, they're all nuts," she said. "I wasn't here last year. They say there's a much better crowd this Summer. Did you know Peggy Joyce has taken a villa?"

"This Riviera gets them all," he said. "It's a darned good little dump. I think I'll stay another week, if the life doesn't get me."

"I'm getting sort of fed," she said. "These French people get on my nerves."

"Where did you see any French people?" he said.

"Oh, you can't help knowing they're all around," she said. "It gets on your nerves. They're so damn dumb, they make me sick. Why, they don't even speak English in the post-office."

"They're a hot lot," he said. "Hey, garçon, you big stiff. Oh, garçon. Encore deux jeen feezes, and vitez it up a little, s' i' vous plaît."

HE tilted his chair, stretched himself vastly, and yawned in loud arpeggio, his head sliding from side to side to the slow rhythm. The sheet of Mediterranean caught his eye.

"Hey, look at that damn mill-pond, will you?" he said. "Blue as a fool. Know what they used to call that puddle? The cradle of civilization, they called it. How's that—am I educated, or aren't I?"

"Oh, you're a knockout in every line," she said. She glanced over her shoulder at the sea. "I don't think I'll go in swimming again."

"What?" he said. "Not in the cradle of civilization?"

"Oh, shut up," she said. "I suppose you'll be pulling that for the next year. No, I'm not going in. The water's rotten today."

"You're right, at that," he said. "It's lousy." —DOROTHY PARKER

"Yeah, but youse oughta see the women in Looeyville, Kentucky!"

THE PEEPSHOW SEASON IN RETROSPECT

THE peepies, it seems, are on the bum. Sixth Avenue at this writing is shrill with the keening of the penny-arcade proprietors who have just concluded the worst season in their history. This débacle has been attributed to such wildly disparate factors as "Hoover Prosperity" and the resultant decrease in unemployment, the lively competition afforded by the tabloids and the so-called "art" periodicals, the talking cinema, and too damn much blasting. It has been attributed, in short, to everything except the true cause, *i.e.*, the inescapable fact that the exhibits along Sixth Avenue have become soft and puerile beyond belief. The most cursory examination of the season's offerings establishes the justice of this diagnosis beyond the possibility of doubt.

We can pass quickly over such manifest boob-jerkers as "Her Setting-Up Exercises," "Little Rascals," "Oo, Momma," and "Pull Down the Shades." The low velocity of these exhibits should be instantly clear when I report that the last-named is effected entirely *in silhouette* although it appears to be concerned with nothing more incendiary than a fat dame brushing her hair. For a time I was also at a loss to discover the erotic significance in "Little Rascals," in which two damsels in voluminous pajamas belabor each other with pillows. It occurred to me at length that it probably lay simply in the setting and costumes—an explanation infinitely saddening to one who still remembers such robust classics of former seasons as "Hot Stuff in the Bath House" and "Quit Your Tickling!" "Her Setting-Up Exercises" features an abundant female, also in pajamas, who goes through some calisthenics with what I can only describe as an air of imperturbable maidenliness. "Oo, Momma" concerns the predicament of a damsel discovered by her mother sitting on an admirer's knee—a situation the peepies appear to regard as the ultimate in diablerie. Shades of "Little Egypt"!

WE come then to the more pretentious offerings. "A Hollywood Orgy" is the one about the girl who dances on a table while the assembled gents swizzle champagne out of slippers. The big fillip of this number is supposed to come when the little lady, after relinquishing one item of her attire after another to importunate admirers, at length stands revealed in what purports to be the altogether. The photography, however, is lamentably good and at the climax even these dim old eyes were able to detect the boundaries of what appeared to be a suit of Glastonbury underwear (winter-weight). I found "A Hollywood Orgy" fully as orgiastic as vespers in a Trappist monastery, and the customers apparently concurred, for the machine has been sparsely patronized.

Before I saw "For Men Only," this film was described to me as "plenty hot." Inasmuch, however, as this tribute emanated from Mr. Moe Ginsberg, proprietor of Moe's Grotto, where the picture is playing, its critical value seems open to question. As a matter of fact, in spite of its juicy title, "For Men Only" is just another high piece of cheese. It is also a curiously unmotivated bijou: a young lady dances about a table at which a solitary gentleman sits drinking beer and from time to time vouchsafing her the parody of a leer. It has all the vehemence of a wet firecracker. Don't bother with it.

The foreign productions this season have been no less deplorable. Out of a welter of French, German, Hungarian, and English offerings, I recall a film called "The Paris Underworld" as most characteristic of the sort of thing they are doing on the Continent. "Underwor'd" is a tremendously ambitious undertaking, cast, as the title implies, in an apache rendezvous far below the Paris streets. The public clamor which greeted it over here—it is almost impossible to approach the machine during lunch-hour—is largely

"Mrs. Hoxie, we especially want you to feel that your problems are our problems."

"See, Ernestine, that's the proper follow-through."

• •

inexplicable to your correspondent. It seems, in fact, pretty thin fare. Striving for the macabre, the producers have rather overreached themselves in economy. They use no scenery whatever —simply an empty, gray-walled room —and the effect unfortunately is barren rather than sinister. The dancing too appears to suffer from the same rather conscious restraint.

In short, out of an entire season spent peering into magnifying glasses and spinning cranks, I can recall only one experience worthy of the name. "The Chicago Fight. Seventh Round. Tunney Takes a Count of Eight," now showing at the Forty-sixth Street Shooting Gallery, alone brings back the days of "Sullivan vs. Corbett," "A Night in a Turkish Bath," "Little Egypt," and "Glimpses of the Chicago Fire"—when the peepies contributed rather more vital stuff than ladies brushing their hair, and you got some action for your penny.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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The great majority of Golf Clubs are more than 20 miles from Herald Square.
—Mid-York Club Magazine.

If you go there often you know why.

NO COCKTAILS

THERE are those dry dinners, those dinners with the strictly law-abiding. I wonder if they are really good for one. There is my experience at the Culvers', for instance. It was a long time since I had seen Mrs. Culver, but I ran into her the other day in the street, and she was cordial, and said that I must dine with them. Would Thursday do? Thursday would do. I expressed my pleasure at the prospect.

"There will be no cocktails," Mrs. Culver suddenly added. "I warn you now that there won't be anything to drink. You needn't come if you don't want to. I'll understand. We never have anything to drink in the house, you know. We don't care about it ourselves, and it is so difficult anyway to get it."

"Difficult?"

"Difficult—and it's so cheap."

"Cheap?"

"So underhanded, breaking the law. Undignified, cheap!"

I said at once that it didn't matter to me a particle whether or not I had anything to drink, that I didn't think that I was definitely an alcoholic anyway, and that as it happened I was at the moment on the water-wagon. That was true, I was on the water-wagon. I had been there since the Buckle party. I should be there still, were it not, curiously enough, for the Culver dinner, which may sound very odd, but which will be clear to you in a moment.

THE Culvers have a fine old brownstone house—the whole house, one of those handsome roomy places, that are now used as private residences only by the very prosperous. A lot of mahogany and heavy brocade. Heavy curtains and big doors, not a sound anywhere. Sombre and rich. The night of my dinner I was just in the mood for such stately austerity. It was right that there should be no drinking in such a place, since drinking was against the law, and to break the law was obviously cheap, and out of all keeping with these surroundings. But I wasn't thinking about that when I arrived. I wasn't thinking about liquor at all. I was just thinking about how pleasant the house was, and what a delightful quiet evening was ahead of me. The quiet evening is a kind of pleasure in itself, you know, as you get on in years.

Mrs. Culver was turning the pages

of a gardening magazine when I entered the drawing-room.

"So you did come," she said, looking pleased, I thought, but also surprised, "in spite of the dearth of cocktails."

"You know I don't care about cocktails," I said. "Didn't I tell you I was on the wagon?"

Speaking of the wagon reminded me of the Buckles and also that the Buckles were old friends of the Culvers. After Culver had come in and we had progressed to the dining-room, I therefore brought up the Buckles as the right topic for the first course.

"We never see the Buckles any more," said Mrs. Culver.

"Oh!" I was surprised.

"We're too dull for them," she went on. "We don't drink, and we don't go to night clubs."

"I don't know how they can afford it," said Culver. "I guess they spend enough on liquor to keep our whole household going a year."

"Not that," I ventured.

"Ted Buckle can't go a day without the stuff," said Mrs. Culver. "You know it as well as I do. I know for a fact that he has at least half a dozen cocktails before every dinner."

"I don't like cocktails anyway," said Culver. "Never did. Now a good glass of sherry or port, that's another thing."

During the roast he expanded on his favorite vintages, recalling their prewar prices. He was very informed on such matters, far more so than I, and could list astonishing names of liqueurs and brandies, with their dates, of which I had never even heard. To mention my two-dollar gin would seem presumptuous on my part, or even the seven-dollar cognac I got "just off the boat." But he did not call upon my experiences. He had enough historical information. I gathered the subject was something of a hobby of his. Mrs. Culver occasionally interpolated anecdotes of the drinking feats of various friends, for my especial benefit, I suppose, emphasizing that occasion at the Crawford wedding when Ted Buckle had tried to raffle off the wedding silver.

Over the Kaffee Hag we touched for a moment on the cost of prohibition to the taxpayer, and growing more light in spirits we recounted various adventures of our own when a bit brightened by spirits. At least Culver did. I didn't bring up many of my own. Culver's escapades were mostly confined to his university days, the days of Virginia Dare, and applejack, and the pousse-café. At quarter of ten the maid appeared with a decanter of icewater and glasses. We all had some icewater.

"Cheerio," said Culver, waving his glass.

At ten I said I must go.

"Poor man," said Mrs. Culver, "he's perfectly frantic because he didn't have his cocktails."

STROLLING up the street after I had left them, I found that I resented this remark. I hadn't missed cocktails. I often had a dinner without the things. It was not only this apparent suspicion of hers that I was a confirmed alcoholic that troubled me, though. Something else lay heavy on my spirits. I had been a carefree jubilant person when I had gone into that house. Now I was morose, miserable, unsettled. I traced back the talk of the evening to find some reason, and just at the corner where an empty taxi stood waiting, I suddenly knew the cause of my depression.

For three hours in this house where no spirits were allowed, there had been talk of nothing else. No word of conversation had been uttered that did not deal more or less directly with the subject of drinking. The result was obvious. Of course I wanted a drink —had to have one. Thank Heaven, too, I had been well reminded that evening where I could get a good one. I jumped into a taxi, and gave the driver the Buckles' address.

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

"I guess I'll be much more valuable after this trip."

THE POET AS FARMER

When I feel that living means
More poems gathered into bins
Of phrase, and finally harvested rhyme,
I join in business with shrewd Time,
Anxious to work a little land,
To see the bright sprout, the full ear, and
The winnowed yield.

But when mine seems a sour field
Full of old roots, crops thin and poor,
And my own weariness makes me sure
I cannot hope to glean again
Another sheaf of lovely grain,
But only live on another's store—
I don't want to live any more,
To see my fields ragged, grown over with thistle,
Where only the lonely, the lyric birds whistle.

—GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

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OF ALL THINGS

OUR William F. Kenny has bought a London haircut and atoned for his affront to British barberhood. So MacDonald will come to America after all.

•

Enright's candidacy for mayor will draw enough Democratic votes to bring about the downfall of Jimmy Walker. Contrariwise it will split the anti-Tammany vote and ruin La Guardia. It looks like Norman Thomas.

•

The Senate wants to see the income-tax returns of those manufacturers who claim to need tariff favors. Some people just love to look at picturesque ruins with a wolf at every door.

•

Francis P. Garvan says that the terrors of modern chemistry and aeronautics have made war impossible. All will be delighted to hear that war has been scared to death.

•

At last reports Whalen's forty dogs had not caught the pants burglar on Staten Island. On the other hand they made honest citizens nervous and revived the splendid old custom of spending a quiet evening at home.

•

Battleship enthusiasts are busily explaining that they never had anything to do with the patrioteering Mr. Shearer. We have an ill-founded suspicion that he was hired by the Navy's girl friends in Riverside Drive.

•

New York is to have a Luxembourg for modern art. Pictures, we assume, will be kept in the new museum until somebody discovers what they mean.

•

The future Ben Bolts will remember the stock market of September, 1929. It wept with delight when Irving Fisher gave it a smile and trembled with fear at Roger Babson's frown.

•

As we understand the news from the Orient, Russia and China have settled their differences amicably and are fighting fiercely along a two-thousand-mile front. It is nice to know that this is not a grudge fight.

•

John Ringling has bought all the circuses there are. It is believed that this merger will result in great economy in the production of adjectives.

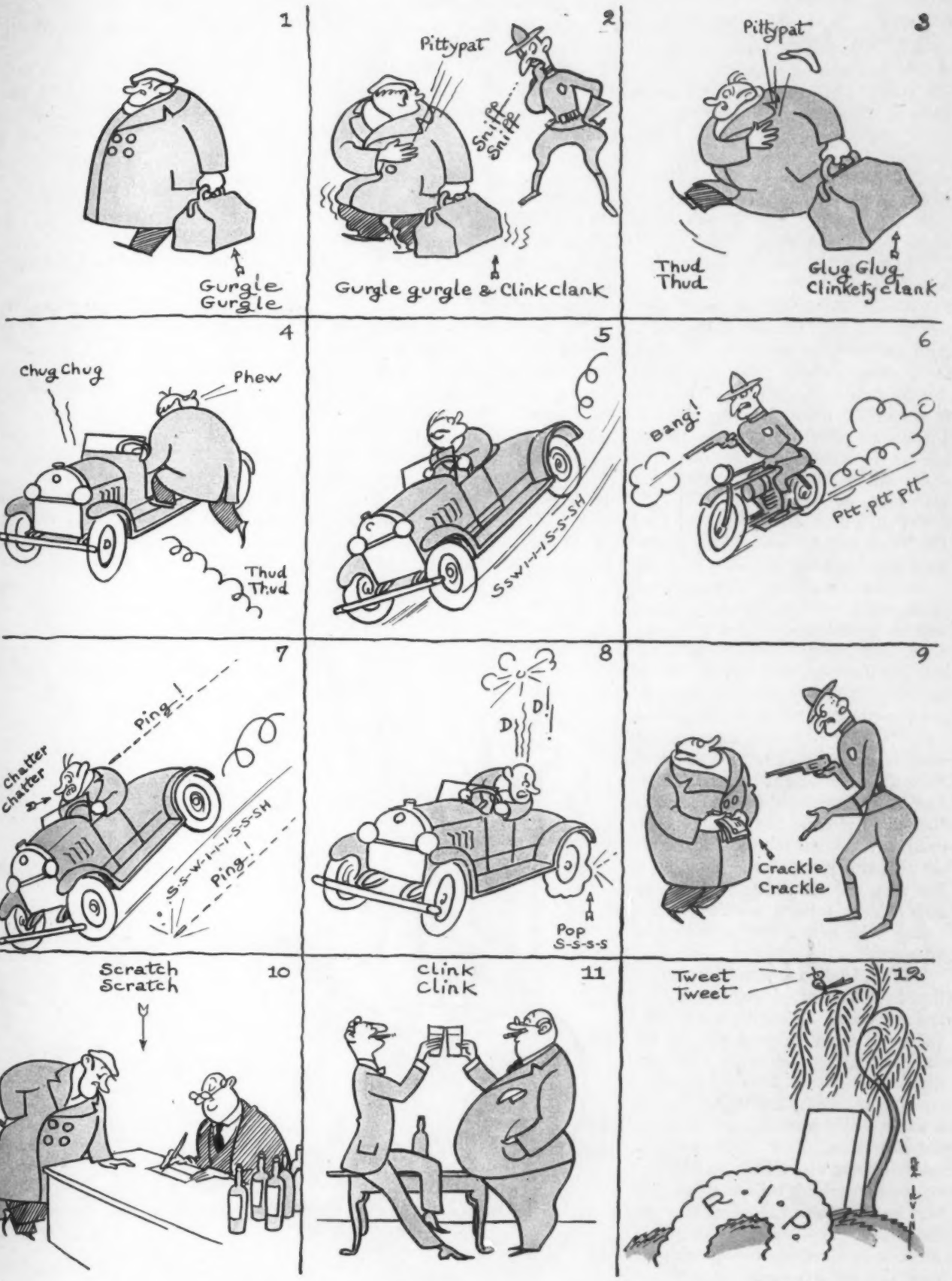
•

Dr. Jones of the Aquitania says that the simplest way to avoid seasickness is to abstain from alcohol. He seems to think that people cross the ocean just for the ride.

•

The Chicago Cubs, we hope, will think twice about coming to Philadelphia to ply their nefarious trade. Look what happened to their fellow citizen, Al Capone. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Brush your hair back, love —I miss you so."



SCENARIO FOR A MOVIE WITH SOUND

GOD BLESS 'EM

"AND how's the wife?" I asked.

"Fine—no, that's not true," he corrected himself. "Tell you the truth, I'm really worried about Dorette. Not that she complains. No sirree, she's the bravest little soul you ever saw, Dorette is. Not a peep out of her; she hates to worry me. But a man can feel a thing like that. She's just not herself. She doesn't sleep nights and she don't look good."

"Too bad," I said. "Has she lost much weight?"

"We-ell, she don't look much thinner to me, but I'm so unobservant. And she kind of let it slip one day she'd lost twenty pounds. Oh, she tried to cover it up and pretend it wasn't so, but it left me worried. I'm always after her to let me weigh her but she won't. Afraid of what the scales will tell me, I guess. Way that kid tries to spare me.

"Well, I kept after her to go let old Dr. West look her over. He's always been our family doctor and I always had confidence in him. Dorette never cared much for him, he never knew how to handle her. Gruff he is, you know, and Dorette's sensitive and delicate and she needs sympathy and understanding. But he's behind the times and like Dorette says, he's more like a horse doctor. But I insisted, so she finally went to see him, just to keep me quiet. Well sir, when I came home that night Dorette was stretched out on the couch just all to pieces. She tried to cheer up and act like she felt fine but I could see she was pretty low. So I asked her what did the doctor say, and she said he'd said there wasn't anything wrong with her, and then she got to crying.

"Well, finally I wormed it out of her that he'd hurt her feelings pretty bad and as much as told her she was a spoiled child and wasn't a good wife to me. Imagine saying that to a fine loyal little woman like Dorette! Well, I couldn't believe it; I thought, the kid's sensitive—she just didn't understand old Dr. West. So I called him up to ask him what about Dorette. Well, I tell you I couldn't believe my ears the way he talked about Dorette. Made my blood boil. Had the crust to tell me there wasn't a thing wrong with that poor sick kid but she's just pampered and bored and needed to get an interest in something outside herself and bridge and clothes. Picture that about a fine unselfish girl like Dorette. Why she's all run down from doing too much and she's always wanting to work on a newspaper or something. So I could see from that how rough he'd been with her and I felt terrible because it was all my fault, me being the one suggested her consulting him. I told him, 'I'm sorry you spoke like that to my wife, Doctor,' I said. 'She's sensitive and she don't realize you don't mean it like it sounds.' 'But your wife's not sick, Bill,' he said. 'If you don't believe me, tell her she can have that Coast trip she's pining for and see her perk up.'"

"Coast trip?" I questioned.

"Yeah, seems he'd got it out of Dorette how the Rays are going to California and they've been after us nothing would do but we must make it a foursome. But with things at the plant like they are, I just didn't see my way clear to going so far from the office. And Dorette won't go without me, hates to be a third party. So I tried to explain and at first she was naturally all cut up. Guess I was too sharp and determined and maybe hurt her feelings. Dorette's sensitive, you know. But afterward she was all right except every now and then.

"But it was about then Alice Ray called my attention to it that Dorette wasn't herself. Dorette said she was all right but she had a cold and it hung on and I was worried, and gradually I wormed it out of her that she'd been having these dizzy spells and headaches and hadn't been sleeping for months. Not that she'd ever have complained! But she's going to a very good doctor now, a nerve specialist, who seems to understand her case and he's giving her some injections, and he thinks California will just about put her right again."

"Oh," I said.

"Yeah, I guess I'll have to manage that trip somehow. Like Dorette says, the office can't go absolutely to the devil in two months. But she says we positively will not go if I'm going to give a moment's worry to how things are going at home. Got me to promise not to give business a thought the whole time. This nerve man, he's a pretty clever chap, he says health's all that really matters and like he said, making money is surely secondary to the well-being of those we love. And I guess when a fellow's wife is a dead-game little pal like Dorette least a fellow can do is keep her well and happy."

—G. SCHWABE

"What did you have for luncheon?"
"A bowl of clear soup and a piece of dry toast."

"THE LORE SHE BROUGHT ME,"

OR: A FEW THINGS THAT I HAVE LEARNED IN 25 YEARS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPER WORK

1. THAT the newspaper business is not so cruel as other businesses are said to be, or as it is supposed to be. Editors and publishers are more sentimental, and more tolerant toward incompetence, than employers in any other business or profession.

2. That many newspaper men ought not to be in the business, and that few non-newspaper men ought to be in it.

3. That the best and the best-paid reporters don't get paid half of what I think they deserve.

4. That young men who take up Journalism in order to get into close touch with life don't get into close touch with life, because they look upon life—and Journalism—as slumming.

5. That the ratio of crooked publishers and owners to crooked reporters is fifty to one. For crooked read corruptible, and make it one hundred to one.

6. That the business office and the editorial office hate each other. The business office's hate is founded on contempt, and the editorial office's on fear.

7. That most newspaper men care more about pleasing an editor or a publisher than about serving the reading public. This is usually waste effort, as the person to be pleased or flattered usually is too stupid or too indifferent—and sometimes too honest and intelligent—to be affected.

8. That copy readers—headline-writers, that is—have more influence on contemporaneous opinion than editorial writers have.

9. That it is easier to get a hundred dollars a week extra when you are signing on for a new job than to get a five-dollar-a-week raise when the job is a year or more old.

10. That the copy reader, joked about for his short-word clichés—Grills, Flays, Foe, Urges, Aids, Grid Tilt, etc.—has exerted a tremendous effect, mostly good, on the language.

•

"Mercy! I wish I hadn't asked you!"

11. That, in spite of the fact that editors tell reporters to write concisely, most stories are overwritten. Almost every important story is told at least twice.

12. That newspaper inaccuracy seldom is justly attributable to haste; oftener it is the fault of sloppy-mindedness, a common trait in all businesses. But reporters—and newspapers—are incredibly more accurate than the persons who tell them stories full of alleged facts.

13. That—and I think the late Bert Leston Taylor told me this when I told him that I was doing some reporting for the New York *Sun* and that I found every assignment fascinating—there are no dull stories; there are only bored reporters. And that a reporter's life-preserver is his curiosity. Let him lose that and he might as well go into the press-agent business; or, if he prefers, the profession of Public Relations Counselor.

14. That there are five times as many well-written stories in the New York newspapers of today as there were in the Good Old Days of 1885-1900.

15. That reporters who worked with him admit that Lindsay Denison, of the *Sun*, was the best all-around reporter who ever worked in New York. (Mr. Denison was a *Sun* reporter from about 1896 to 1904. He is now on the *Evening World* rewrite desk.)

16. That a newspaper man must be willing to sacrifice his friends; that a newspaper man of twenty-five years' active work in the editorial room counts any friends at all as so much velvet.

17. That there are some persons in the fields of Drama and Literature who always write long letters to critics dispraising their work; and they tell you that one is Miss Ethel Barrymore and another Mr. Rupert Hughes. Other pretty constant writers are Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer and Mr. Booth Tarkington.

18. That most newspaper reference libraries are disgracefully inadequate.

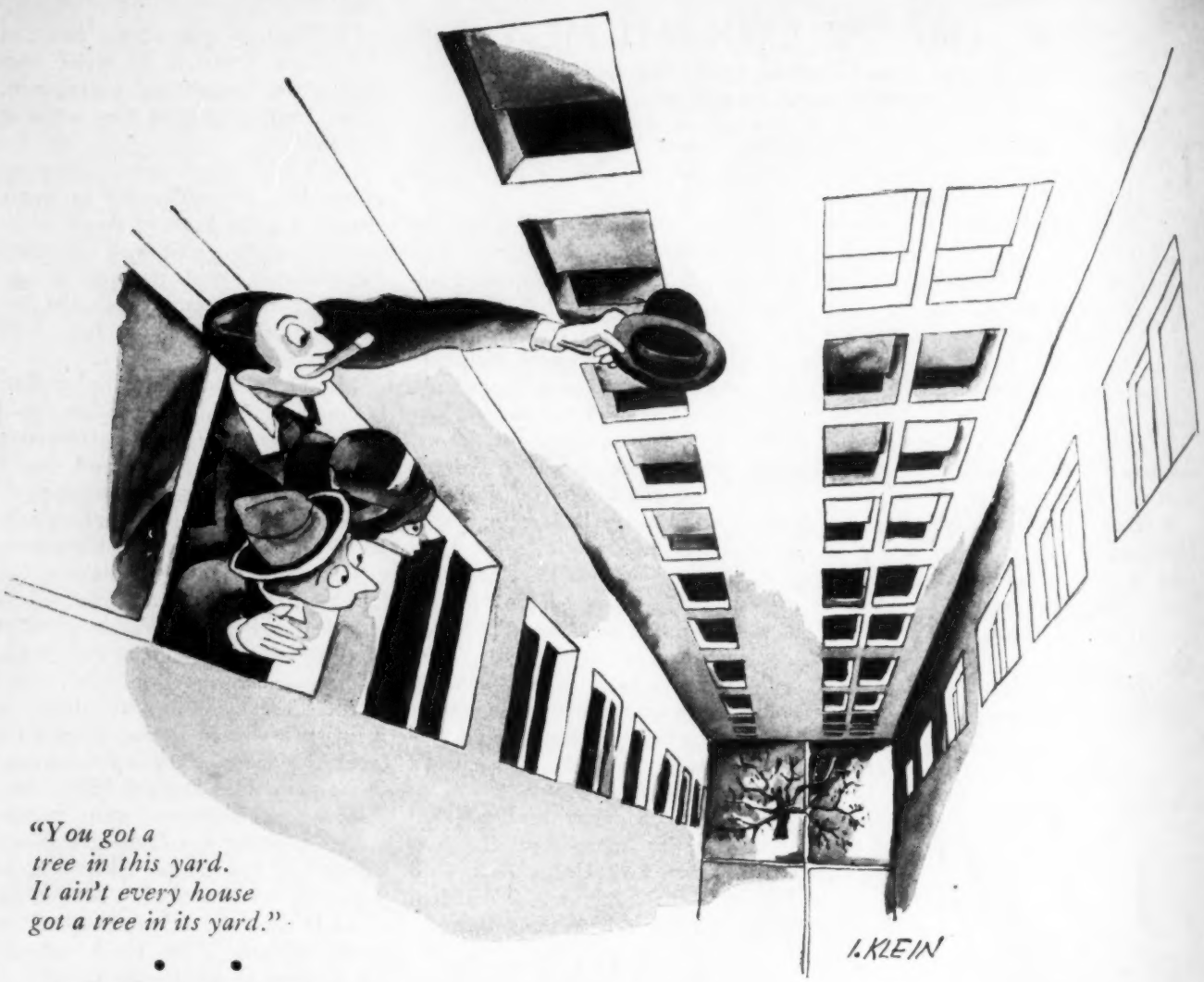
19. That the only newspaper editor whose praise or censure I ever believed with one-hundred-per-cent faith was Mr. Selah M. Clarke, in happier days managing editor of the still happier *Sun*.

20. That "blamed it on" is wrong.

21. That plurality is the lead of a candidate over one other; majority, over all others.

22. That anthracite is a noun, and only a noun.

23. That it's the Pennsylvania Sta-



"You got a tree in this yard. It ain't every house got a tree in its yard."

• •

tion, but Grand Central Terminal.

24. That it is wrong to say "on either side of the street" when you mean on each side.

25. That eastern telegraph editors think that a telegram from Ann Arbor, Michigan, is a mistake of the telegrapher's, so they change it to Ann Harbor. Frequently it is allowed to stand that way.

26. That "hectic," "transpire," and "meticulous" don't mean what reporters think they do.

27. That it is Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, and world series.

28. That it took me years to get a composing-room to let the serial comma stand in my stuff: Paints, oils, and varnishes instead of Paints, oils and varnishes.

29. That business men always ask newspaper men whether that is *all* that they do, no matter what it is.

30. That nothing makes me so angry as to hear somebody say, "That is too good for a newspaper; it is good enough for a magazine." I never have seen anything too good to appear in a newspaper.

31. That the only men around a newspaper office who ever thought writing and editing a daily column was a difficult and exacting job were linotypers. They were unanimous about it. My chief operators have been "Colonel" Sellers of the New York *Evening Mail*, Clinton Ball of the New York *Tribune*, and Thomas J. Smith of the New York *World*.

32. That not one editorial writer in five feels passionately about the subjects editorial writers, in type, profess to have violent convictions about.

33. That most editors, publishers, and reporters know almost nothing about typography.

34. That most editors, especially outside of New York, have a contempt for amateur sports—golf, lawn tennis, polo—with the result that sport pages are topheavy with boxing, racing, and baseball news. The golf and tennis budget is disgracefully small.

35. That newspapers devote too much space to politics.

36. That there are three ways, disproportionately to the small expense, in which a newspaper can increase its revenue and good-will:

a. By employing efficient, courteous, and well-spoken telephone operators.

b. By having courteous and intelligent—therefore well-paid—persons in the reception-room, so that visitors to the staff will not be made to feel like intruders.

c. By paying non-staff contributors upon acceptance instead of upon publication, and by replying to every letter on the day of its receipt.

37. That the weather forecasts are printed as furnished by the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, and are not made up or guessed at by the newspaper, although most readers continue to say, "The paper says Rain," and—when it doesn't rain—"The paper is always wrong."

38. That criticism, literary and dramatic, is honest and, considering the physical difficulties under which it is written, exceptionally competent. According to a critic's length of service, it first infuriates, then amuses, and finally bores him when somebody asks

him what he *really* thought of the play or the book.

39. That advertising exerts a good and a bad influence on American journalism. I think the influence more bad than good. But the fear of the loss of advertising is exaggerated. I still believe that an intelligently fearless newspaper would be a community's greatest benefit. It would also make its owner wealthy, if he could afford to risk a few million dollars for five years.

40. That information is the greatest thing that a newspaper has to sell. Opinion and entertainment are incidental and secondary.

41. That, except on pay-days, I always have considered myself shamefully underpaid. I have felt that there wasn't money enough to pay for that skillful, difficult, and important work. And on pay-days, regardless of what my salary has been, I always have felt that no human being could do work that was worth so princely a wage.

42. That the fact that morning papers are now purchasable before midnight—sometimes at eight o'clock—and evening papers are on the street as early as 8 A.M.—is a bad thing for journalism. It makes for canned and syndicate stuff, and makes reporters hurried and careless.

43. That the use of "early today" or "late last night" is an intent, sometimes unconscious, to deceive the reader into thinking that the event occurred about ten seconds before the instant of publication. Sometimes it is difficult to be accurate as to the time of an accident, but I know that readers want to know exactly how "early this morning" eleven persons were injured in the subway, or on an "L" train. Thousands of persons want to know whether their husbands or wives or sons or daughters could possibly have been on that train. Early today means 12:01 A.M. to some; it means 11:30 A.M. to others. Thousands of readers will believe that they just avoided taking that train. My first big newspaper experience was the Iroquois Theatre fire; I learned then that at least one hundred thousand Chicagoans said that they had tried to get tickets for that fatal matinée performance, or were on their way to the theatre, or refused invitations to see the show that afternoon. I think that newspapers ought to identify railroad trains, in accident stories, and identify them in the first paragraph—what time the train left where, and when it was due where. I think that when possible the makes of motor cars involved in accidents should be printed. If a man possibly drunk says that the brakes were faulty, or that the steering gear wouldn't work, I wouldn't print the name of the car, however.

44. That the reporter's opinion in a news story hurts it ten times to once that it helps it.

45. That nobody is so distrusted in a newspaper office as the comedian—the columnist, the comic-strip artist, or the satirical cartoonist.

46. That most editors are infantile about letters; a single letter praising or dispraising a story, a picture, or a feature has more weight with the editor than his own conviction as to the excellence or demerit of the piece in question.

47. That a stodgy, prosy piece of verse will receive ten times as much praise from office mates, from the owner down, as a piece of first-rate light verse.

48. That newspaper work is no training, in itself, for good writing; it will not make a first-rate writer of a poor writer.

49. That newspaper work is no destroyer, in itself, of good writing; it will not make a second-rate writer of a first-rate writer.

50. That among the things I wouldn't do for any salary is to work for W. R. Hearst, although I never had a chance to find out whether I was honest on that point.

51. That if I had enough money to live on, and live well on, I'd quit the newspaper business tomorrow; that otherwise I would rather earn twenty-five thousand dollars a year in journalism than one hundred thousand dollars in anything else that I ever heard of.

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

Patrolman Dennis McKeogh, Shield No. 8616, has as many friends as any policeman in town, so his superiors say. They all call him "Denny." He has been at Fifty-ninth and Fifth longer than the Savoy-Plaza or the Sherry-Netherland, but not as long as General Sherman.

•

WITCH IN THE FOREST

She lived there alone
A year and a day.
An orchid hunter
Who passed that way

Remembered long
Her hostile stare:
The tossed light on
Her sorrel hair

That leapt like flame
About her head.
Her feet were shod
(Or so he said)

In moccasin flowers.
But nobody heard
From the man who saw her,
One sensible word,

So nobody listened.
The day she was gone,
The spruces glistened,
The clearing shone,

And the spider, up
At the crack of dawn,
Finished another
Pentagon.

—GENOVA CHARLOT

THE THEATRE

THE QUEEN IS DEAD!

SOMETHING is wrong with a civilization in which Elsie Ferguson is allowed to play the part of a woman lawyer. I don't have to tell you that. Practically America's only contact with royalty, she has for years supplied us with that regal romance which a democracy craves. She has been our dream princess, moving with lovely and patrician elegance through ballrooms and high-ceilinged boudoirs from Budapest to London, graciously acknowledging the plaudits of her people and giving them in return a glimpse into the private life of the *haut monde*. God, how I have loved that woman!

And now what do we see? In a thing called "Scarlet Pages," or some such name, Elsie Ferguson is a woman lawyer! A woman lawyer with offices in the Second National Bank Building. A woman lawyer who stands before a jury and waves a hand which once bore the royal diamonds of Transylvania and nestled condescendingly in the powerful palms of princes, waves a hand at a jury of hucksters and clerks and calls them "Gentlemen!" Reason totters at the very idea. I will be one of an organized royalist revolution to storm the palace and throw out these Cromwells who have done this thing (Messrs. Sam Shipman and John Hymer) and to restore our Queen to her throne. Democracy has no more heinous a crime on its bloody list than this.

As if regicide were not enough, Messrs. Shipman and Hymer have written one of the nastiest, cheapest, lowest melodramas it has ever been my professional duty to sit through. Off with their heads!

"MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC"

On the left above one gets half an eyeful of midgets or three eyes full of Beef-Trust Girl, below. Moving indirectly to the right we see the mild-mannered Jimmie Savo; the Half-Man Half-Woman next to the Schrafft brigade, and pointing with the male foot to Billy Griffith and Roy Atwell. The big one is Keating, the Gentleman Conjurer, doing an improbable thing with a bird-cage.

ON the police blotter which makes up the record of this week's plays, by far the most ingenious and exciting killing is that committed in "Remote Control," at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. It is the first of what will probably be a long list of radio mysteries, the murder being committed in the broadcasting studio of WPH, Chicago, while the radio audience listens, oblivious to the tragedy, to some young ladies from the Junior League singing "Here We Are!" and to Dr. A. P. Workman, the noted spiritualist, in his daily psychic dozen. The fact that by means of the broadcasting system a gang of crooks is being directed by the Master Mind in its activities among the banks and treasure-chests of Illinois accounts for the rather technical name "Remote Control." You will see from these few features that here is something you have never met in the theatre before.

There are many weak points in "Remote Control" as a murder mystery, one of them, as far as I

Chocolates that have won a definite place for themselves. Salmagundi is a special assortment selected by a critical lover of chocolates. Identified by the charming metal box with design by Mucha, the queenly figure shown above.

If you do not know Salmagundi, get acquainted at the nearest Whitman agency. The store that shows the Whitman sign receives Whitman's candies *direct* from the makers and guarantees satisfaction.

Whitman's Chocolates

© S.F.W. & Son, Inc.

Formality dissolved -with the sugar . .

The Bentleys were new to the neighborhood. This little dinner was their first real test. Would these people take them in . . . accept them on that basis of casual intimacy which makes suburban life so refreshing?

Quiet courtesy, irritating in its smoothness, marked the first few courses. And then this perfect coffee was served.

In the magic of its aroma these new acquaintances became old friends. First names popped into the sentences . . . and the sort of banter that only comes with genuine liking. Under cover of the chatter someone asked Ruth Bentley what kind of coffee she was using.

Ah! But you have already guessed it.

Grown on the high slopes of tropic mountains, Beech-Nut coffee has won wide acceptance among the critical hostesses of America.

Beech-Nut Coffee

am concerned, being that I don't know to this day what really happened. It is all explained so quickly in the end, and so many names are mentioned, that I didn't get even a glimmer of light on the details of the crime. But I didn't seem to mind. What with some very amusing satire on radio broadcasting as an art, several exceedingly tense minutes of novel suspense (one in particular furnished in the last scene by an actor whose name I couldn't pick out for sure but who I think was George Leach and who, simply by standing in the middle of the floor and radiating menace, threw me into a state bordering on epilepsy) and what with the general ingenuity of the whole thing from beginning to end, "Remote Control" gave complete satisfaction even if I didn't quite catch the point. Walter Greaza accomlished the neat trick of combining the offensiveness of a station announcer with the necessary qualities of a hero.

The authors of "Remote Control" should be noted even at the expense of valuable space. They are three: Clyde North, Albert C. Fuller, and Jack T. Nelson. At least one of them knows his radio racket from the inside.

IN laying the scene of "Houseparty" in a college fraternity house, and a Williams fraternity house at that, Kenneth Britton and Roy Hargrave took quite a chance. The average cast assembled by a commercial producer for a college play is likely to resemble a group of students at Ned Wayburn's School more than a representative group of Williams men. But,

• • •

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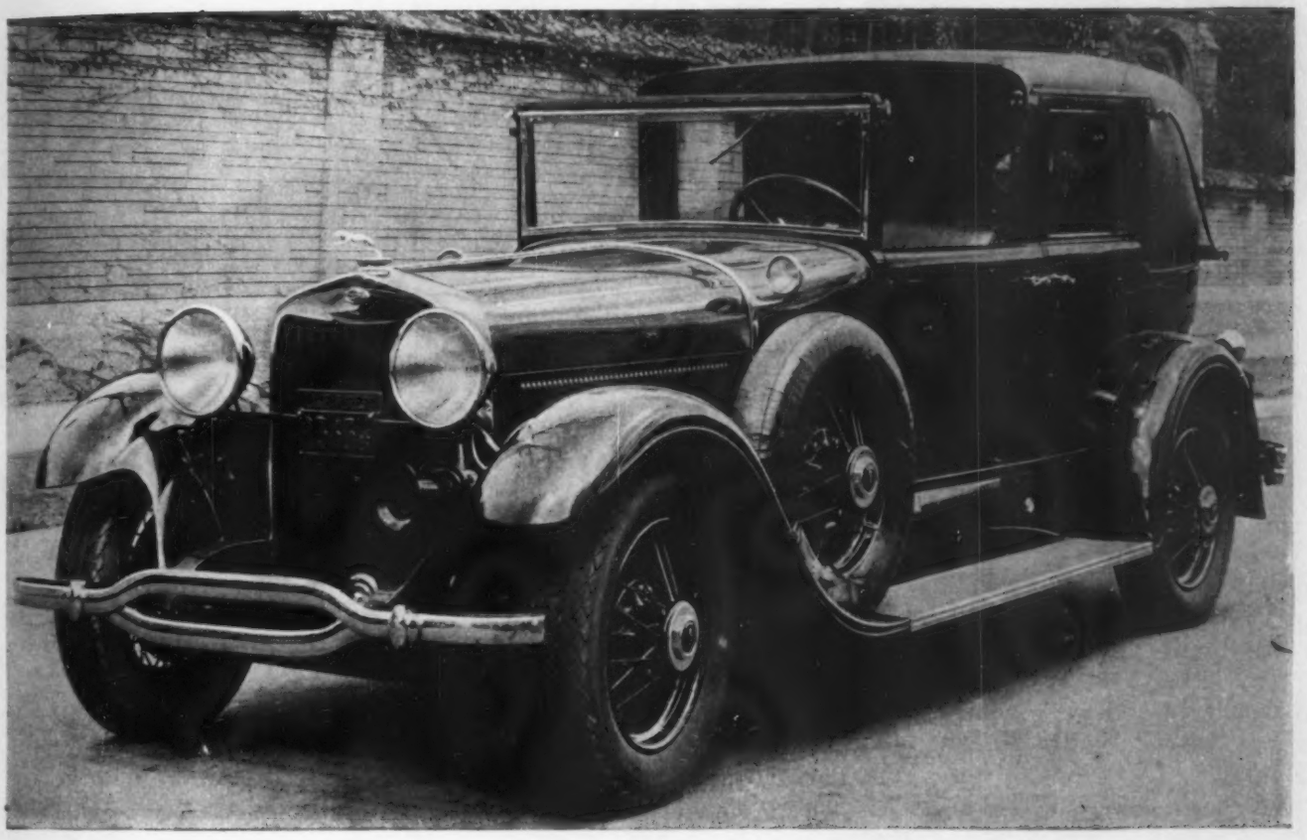
IS AN UNUSUALLY SAFE MOTOR CAR



A Le Baron Cabriolet, the property of Edson White, Esq., of Chicago. Mr. White is President of Armour and Company

SAFETY is, and always must be, one of the first considerations in any motor car. It is one of the fundamental principles of Lincoln policy.

Safety in a motor car depends upon a number of things. First, there must be strength . . . strength to resist not only the ordinary strains of motoring, but any sudden shocks. The brakes must be dependable and powerful. The glass must be shatter-proof. Acceleration must be fast. And finally, there should be a subtle balance, a sureness of tread, which keeps the car on its feet and holds it to the road.

Among engineers, the strength of Lincoln construction is proverbial. The steel chassis frame is strong and heavy, and it is hot-riveted throughout. And in Lincoln bodies the same strength is in evidence. Beneath the luxurious coachwork they are everywhere firmly reinforced. They are proof against virtually any contingency.

The Lincoln six-brake system gives positive control of the car. The foot brakes (internal expanding) operate on all four wheels, and the momentum of the car serves in part to apply them, so that they need very little foot pressure. The hand brake is internal expanding on the rear wheels. All six brakes are fully enclosed and protected from dirt and moisture. You can always be sure of your brakes, in a Lincoln.

Shatter-proof glass, of course, is used throughout. And as for riding qualities, the special hydraulic shock absorbers, the torque tube drive, the magnificent spring suspension, and the perfect balance of the whole car make it not only safe, but profoundly comfortable and luxurious.

Safety, sincerity, beauty . . . those are the attributes of the Lincoln . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

THE LINCOLN

PACKARD

NEW PACKARDS
and a
FRIENDLY CHALLENGE

The new Seventh Series models again assert Packard's outstanding leadership of the fine car field.

Eleven attractive body styles in each of the Standard, Custom, and De Luxe eights satisfy completely, every requirement of luxurious transportation.

They are now on display at our showrooms. We want you to see them, drive them, and compare them with your ideal of what a truly fine car ought to be.

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Ask
the man
who owns one

just as one of the authors of "Remote Control" must have known the business of radio, so do Messrs. Britton and Hargrave give evidence of knowing one of the more patrician colleges (in fact, they are both said to be Williams graduates), and Mr. Gribble, the director, and whoever did the casting combined to give the thing a verisimilitude quite rare in college plays. I would not go so far as to say that you would think that you *were* at a house-party in Williamstown, but the boys and girls do give a certain illusion of being boys and girls whose Equity cards are somewhere at home in the back of a drawer with their diplomas.

And the killing, with its subsequent suspense, is handled with considerable skill in "Houseparty." To have the body hidden under a bookcase during one of those interminable parlor games which nice people play is an idea so good that one might well imagine that it was the motivating thought behind the writing of the play. The deadly "I packed my trunk" routine is so faithfully reproduced as to be actually tiresome on the stage, or it would be tiresome if you weren't constantly expecting someone to go over and discover the body. Mr. Hargrave, who also plays the leading part in addition to having helped write it, does a highly effective piece of work, and, even if the collegiate atmosphere does not impress you as being genuine, I think that you will stick around anyway just to find how the affair comes out.

THE first of what threatens to be a deluge of English plays this season does not shape up very impressively in comparison with our native melodramas of the same type. "Murder on the Second Floor" is all right in its way, but its way is nothing to get

• •

C. W. B.

for a
Duck of a
Hat—

Made just for you—Yours —styled to YOUR features, fitted to YOUR head, priced to YOUR purse.

—

as low as Six Dollars

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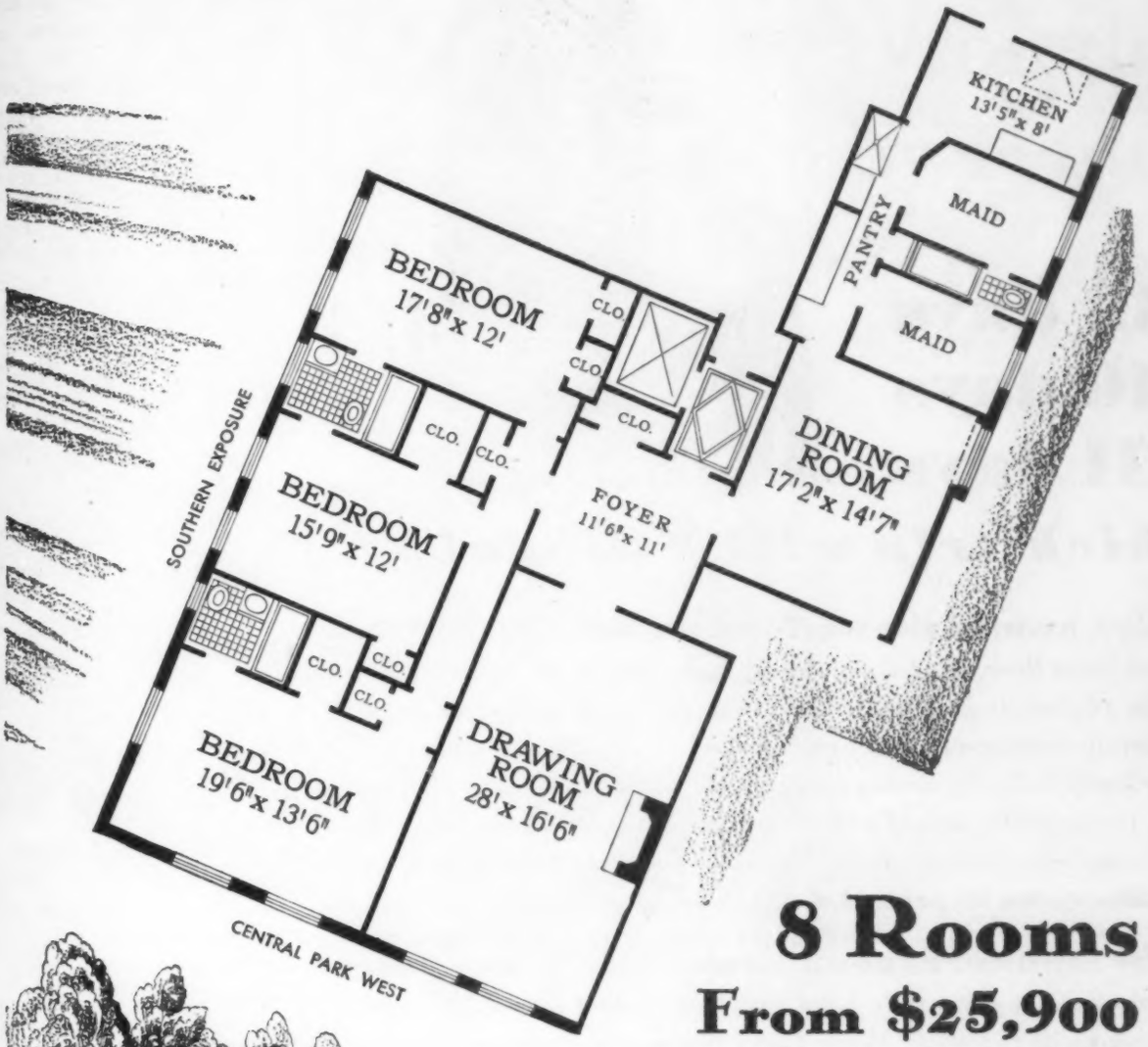
SANNAT
The Ladies Hatter

a shop in which "Avenue" service and "Bois" style meet.

—at 63-67 West 38th Street
near 6th Avenue, New York



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The most economical and distinguished way to live on the West Side is in this 100% cooperative building. Note that the living room of this apartment is 16'x28', and has a fire-place and a view of the Park. Plans by Rosario Candela—construction by Fred T. Ley & Co., Inc. Occupancy now. Also 4, 6 and 9 rooms, simplex and duplex. Agent at the building.

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AT SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET BRINGS NEW DISTINCTION TO FIFTH AVENUE'S TWIN

133 days
46 days
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which trip will YOU take?

*133 days..***around the world on the BELGENLAND,** ***largest, finest liner that has ever circled the globe. From New York December 20; Los Angeles Jan. 6; San Francisco Jan. 8. A combination of masterfully arranged itinerary and ideal cruise ship that has won an unprecedented following among world travelers. Unusual side trips, including a 12-day cruise in the East Indian Archipelago. Arrival in Europe in April, timely for Spring sojourns. Operated jointly by*** **Red Star Line** ***and*** **American Express Co.** ***$1750 up, including shore program.***

46-day **Mediterranean Cruises by White Star Line,** ***including the Holy Land and Egypt...and in vivid contrast, such places as Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Naples, Constantinople, etc.—a veritable pageant that will enthrall you. Sailings from New York: S.S. LAURENTIC, January 9 and February 27; S. S. ADRIATIC, January 18 and March 8. First Class $695 up; Tourist Third Cabin $420, both including complete shore programs.***

11-day **Cruises to Havana, Nassau and Bermuda.** ***Here is something new. Cruises short enough for the busiest person, yet comprehensive, including three smart winter rendez-vous. The regular fortnightly sailings enable you to stop over at your pleasure and resume your trip on a later sailing. The great*** **Red Star** ***liner LAPLAND sails Dec. 28; Jan. 11; Jan. 25; Feb. 8; Feb. 22; Mar. 8. $175 up.***

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excited about. As soon as you see that the whole thing is going to be the figment of a young author's brain, with a prologue and epilogue explaining that it is going to be, and has just been, all a joke, you will think back on "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and the countless imitations of that masterpiece and will realize that nothing will probably ever equal it. Not that "Murder on the Second Floor" is an imitation of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," but the gag is an old one and it starts you off in the wrong mood. There is nothing particularly wrong with "Murder on the Second Floor." Neither is there anything particularly right about it.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

THREE POEMS

When the far-journeying day
departs, leaving behind one hour
named twilight, we to the café
come, treading upon spilled flower
from the evening's huge rose;
through streets haunted by sad
folk, thinly a red wind blows
to make us silent and glad.

Since beyond love or my
divine considering of thy
face and body which
I do adore
nothing more lovely is,
nothing so sweet,
that which is in me of song
will go to praise thee
in sandals of words whose wings
are musical with longing.

When crisp light glitters in thy room,
when thou dost sleep, and by thy bed
morning moveth through the gloom
with flowers of light about her head
(while quickly light doth everywhere
on thin stems grow) I then arise
to pick up hairpins here and there
and stoop to kiss thy closéd eyes.

—CHARLES NORMAN

•

NEW HAVEN, CONN., July 27—James W. Pepper, Jr., chairman of the 1928-29 Yale Record and son of a Philadelphia music publisher, was secretly married last Oct. 11 to Miss Olive LaFrance, pretty blonde switchboard operator, it was learned today. The couple are living in a tiny apartment here.

"I had hoped my Record work might lead to a position with Life or The New Yorker," Pepper said tonight. "Nothing has turned up yet."—*Canton (Ohio) News.*

That is, nothing but a—tee hee!—Life Job.

Wrought by Hand

is Pierce-Arrow Fineness!

Portraits of Garden Parties and Pierce-Arrows . . . yesterday's and today's. The one, painted fifteen years ago, resembles the 1929 version in every particular of fineness and distinction . . . in the unchanging quality that is Pierce-Arrow.

THE simplest work of art reminds us that the finest things of this world are wrought by hand — that machinery, however modernly miraculous, must ever lack the genius of the human touch.

Pierce-Arrow is a case in point!

It would be so much easier and so much less expensive, for example, to substitute the machine product for much Pierce-Arrow handwork. But the result could never be Pierce-Arrow.

Only human hands — trained to high traditions — could be responsible for the exquisite coachwork of Pierce-Arrow fame. And nothing less could conceivably create the beautiful Pierce-Arrow interiors — or the fine precisions that are present in all Pierce-Arrow mechanism.

To repeat: *The finest things of this world are wrought by hand!*

Pierce-Arrow prices are appropriate: From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

PIERCE-ARROW

COLLEGE INN TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Here's a drink that's the essence of sunshine . . . it contains those precious vitamins so essential to health . . . it is squeezed from luscious red-ripe tomatoes and seasoned with spice and a dash of lemon.

Good to drink and good for your well-being, College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail is food of the healthiest kind. Served in the morning, noontime and evening . . . it is a body-conditioner for grownups . . . it safeguards the health of children as well.

Nor is this all. College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail is nutritious but non-fattening. Smart women find it an invaluable aid for keeping figures slim.

All good food shops sell College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail . . . fountains serve it. It's an excellent health-plan to keep a chilled shaker-full always handy. Made only by The College Inn Food Products Company, Chicago, Ill.

COLLEGE INN
NET WEIGHT 1 PT. 10 FL. OZ.
COLLEGE INN
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL
THIS INVIGORATING TONIC BRACER IS RICH IN ALL HEALTH GIVING VITAMINS
SERVE ICY COLD - SHAKE WELL
COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
DISTRIBUTORS - CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

You will enjoy any of these delicious College Inn Foods:

Chicken a la King — Lobster a la Newburg — Cream of Tomato Soup — Welsh Rarebit — Chop Suey — Boned Chicken — Chicken Broth with Rice — Chili Con Carne — Clam Chowder

A HEALTH DRINK MILLIONS ENJOY

POPULAR RECORDS

Those Censored Rhymes —Show Medleys—And Much Hoofing

THERE has been ado about some of the lascivious lyrics uttered in recent records, but as I have no discleggar, I am unable to tell you whether the race records under the ban are as racy as you may hope. Ethel Waters, who seems to have been the centre of censorial frowns, may be heard on a Columbia recording of "Second Handed Man," and if this is what all the fuss is about—! Except for one messy line, which sounds as though it had been forced into the ditty by the exigencies of rhyme, there is nothing shocking except a piano accompaniment that has a few wicked murmurings in the bass. "True Blue Lou," on the other side, is the best version I have heard so far of this unfortunate song. By the way, there is one recording which has escaped the cops that seems to me much more questionable than any race riots, but you'll have to find it for yourself.

"HOLD EVERYTHING!" and "Follow Thru" apparently have become classics, for both Victor and Brunswick have extensive medleys of them. The Victor doubling is chiefly vocal, and is handsomely done. Al Goodman's Orchestra handles the rites for Brunswick, with only a few vocal inserts, and the work of this ensemble is so striking that it must be listed as one of the orchestras to collect.

Speaking of orchestras, the Dajos Bela troupe, which may be heard on Odeon discs, seems to have gone American. At least, the symphonic version of "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame," recorded in Europe, has all the harmonic variations and changes of pace that distinguish the best of native fantasies.

WANT some vocal records? Try Ruth Etting's doubling of "Now I'm in Love" and "I Want to Meander in the Meadow" for Columbia; Seger Ellis' "S'posin'" and "To Be in Love" for Okeh; the Revelers' "Ploddin' Along" and "Wake Up! Chillun, Wake Up!" for Victor; and,

The BARCLAY
111 East 48th Street
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AN environment where the manner of living is an adornment to life itself. With shops, theatres, clubs within moment's reach, its air of serene detachment becomes doubly delightful. Charming apartments, done in the early American manner—or unfurnished if desired—are available for short or long term leases—with accommodations, too, for the transient visit of days.

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365 DAYS

filled to the brim with tranquil living, sports, social activities. Westchester provides the setting and Ives the expert management which smooths the way to home enjoyment. Resident agents available every evening for your convenience.

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WHITE PLAINS 5444

for a good sample of the new hillbilly school, Frank Luther's versions of "Barnacle Bill" and "Peg-Leg Jack" for Brunswick.

NOW for the latest attempts to please the hoofers:

BABY! OH WHERE CAN YOU BE? and YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER MEMORY—Vallée's Yankees. A lot of enjoyment in these for Rudy Vallée fans. (*Victor*)

WHERE THE BAB-BAB-BABBLING BROOK and I WANT TO MEANDER IN THE MEADOW—Dave Bernie and his Orchestra. Début of Dave, brother to Ben. Excellent dance rhythm, and Dave himself does a characteristic chorus about the joys of the meadow. (*Columbia*)

LOVE IS A DREAMER and WHEN THEY SING THE WEARING OF THE GREEN—Carl Fenton and his Orchestra. Very snappy, especially the "Wearing of the Green" affair, which is one of the best march fox trots of the day. (*Brunswick*)

JUST A LITTLE LOVE SONG and HITTIN' THE CEILIN'—Smith Ballew and his Orchestra. Soft, sweet, but not enervating. The M. Ballew sings good choruses. (*Okeh*)

LOW DOWN RHYTHM and GOTTA FEELIN' FOR YOU—The High Hatters. Two exceptionally good talkie theme songs, played with uncommon effect and clarity in smart but not overdone scorings. (*Victor*)

LAUGHING MARIONETTE and S'POSIN'—Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. He still makes good ones. (*Columbia*)

WHY DID YOU? and AN OLD ITALIAN LOVE SONG—Dan Russo and his Orchestra. Here's the Middle-Western tempo without the sloppy attacks that usually go with it. (*Brunswick*)

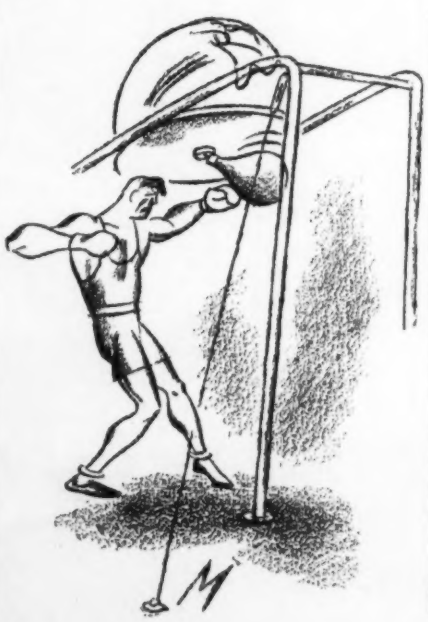
HOT HEELS and FREEZE AN' MELT—Ed Lang and his Orchestra. Heated harmonies presented intelligibly. (*Okeh*)

—POP

•

WE'LL BE tickled to death to take care of your mechanical troubles—be it a Packard or a pair of roller skates.—*Adv. in the Zilloh (Wash.) Mirror.*

Lately it's been the Packard, not the skates.



ONE

First on Fifth Avenue and foremost among apartment hotels in accommodations and class of service. A variety of suites, some with terrace and all with serving pantry, await your inspection.

FIFTH

You can engage the apartment of your choice, either furnished or unfurnished, for immediate or October occupancy. Will you call and make a critical tour of inspection?

AVENUE

THE Apartment Hotel at Washington Arch. . Eugene G. Miller, Manager
Telephone Spring 7000

FIFI:
Is The Berkshire smart?

ANNE:
You mean the hotel?

FIFI:
No, the people.

ANNE:
Well, they're smart enough to live there—Jim says finding it was the smartest thing I ever did!

TWO TO FIVE ROOMS
FURNISHED OR OTHERWISE
BY THE DAY, MONTH OR YEAR

THE
BERKSHIRE
21 EAST 52

Mr. Martin Sweeny, Managing Director

PORTRAIT OF MY BROTHER

HE is shorter than he likes to admit and wears jackets with knickerbockers of blue serge, though his personal taste is for something maturer. He is free-handed in the use of clean shirts but is, for financial reasons, bitterly opposed to haircuts, and his shoes are long past any hope of a shine. He considers extreme elegance in dress effeminate but cherishes a secret longing for a bowler, and plans, upon reaching maturity, to dress exclusively in rich black broadcloth. He is at present known to fancy his appearance in a khaki suit with a yellow kerchief and modified Stetson, and has recently made an interesting but not wholly successful experiment in the use of brilliantine.

He condemns hash and stew as unfit for human consumption, prefers that sweets shall be heavily flavored with chocolate, and is coldly skeptical about olives, salads, and the more exotic cheeses. He believes that the ability to drink strong black coffee is a pleasantly sophisticated taste difficult to acquire.

He cares little for feminine society and with female relatives of approximately twice his age his attitude is kindly, tolerant, but tinged with an almost paternal severity. He particularly deplores any tendency on their part to profanity, over-indulgence in cigarettes, and regrettably theatrical effects in rouge and earrings. His own smoking preferences are veiled in considerable mystery but there is reason to believe that he uses the more expensive brands with nonchalance and commendable reserve.

WITH those in authority he is courteous but wary and his conversation, which is highly selective, deals chiefly with the various forms of uplift to which he is frequently exposed and very susceptible. He regularly practices exercises recommended to develop not only physical perfection but various admirable traits of character essential to successful bond salesmen. He is a member of the Boy Scouts in excellent standing and has a distinct flair for good deeds which combine dramatic effect with the minimum of personal inconvenience. He is one of our leading informal lecturers on woodcraft and, though most of his labor is on a strictly commercial basis, he will gratuitously lay large, complicated fires which, owing perhaps to the fact that drafts in a fireplace are different from those

JOAN CARTER WADDELL IN "THE LITTLE SHOW"

A FUR COAT *by* SHAYNE

To the natural loveliness of your Shayne fur is added the satisfaction of a label which politely indicates that your purchase was *not* impelled by a cut price, a reduction or any other form of so-called "sale".

C. C. SHAYNE & CO.

STRICTLY RELIABLE FURS

126 West 42nd Street ✦ New York

Established 1865 ✦ ✦ *Still Under Same Ownership*

HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THESE PRICES ?

To you New Yorkers who know Mosse linens—their fascinating originality, their correctness, their superb quality here is real news!

MOSSE IS MOVING to a new and larger store at 750 Fifth Avenue. But before that, the entire stock has been tremendously reduced.

15% TO 40% SAVINGS on just the linens you will need for fall entertaining or for assembling an exquisite trousseau.

FOR YOUR OWN FALL USE OR AS XMAS GIFTS WILL YOU NEED

Luncheon Sets
Bridge Sets
Breakfast Tray Sets
Cocktail Napkins
Doilies
Guest Towels

NOW IS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

MEN

Men will find bath towels that rub to a quick, dry glow; face towels of pure linen to glorify the shave, and imported white bath robes such as you have used in France ($10.50 while they last) at prices that will disprove the belief that men are not thrifty shoppers.

MOSSE
INCORPORATED
730 FIFTH AVE
JUST BELOW 57th STREET

SEPT. 21
1929

SPECIALISTS IN LINENS

in a pathless wilderness, invariably refuse to burn.

When freed from restraint he is a raconteur of no mean ability, and his stories of school life are vivid but at times a trifle startling. He is remorseless in his description of a teacher who combines extreme absent-mindedness with a unique taste in haberdashery, and his account of a classmate known to be suffering from his first tender unrequited passion shows an accuracy of observation that is rather terrible. He also hints occasionally at dark chapters in his life of which his relatives must forever remain in ignorance, but owing to his inventive ability and his tendency to hypothetical statements it is often difficult to separate fact from fiction and it will probably never be known whether he really spent most of last Hallowe'en removing the windows of a small country store with a glass-cutter or whether it just appeals to him as an interesting idea.

IT is something of a shock to learn that he is an ardent admirer of Al Capone, whom he believes to be the master-mind of the nation. It is safe to say that he would rather be Capone than president, but fortunately he considers four years of college essential before he starts racketeering and he feels nothing but contempt for those misguided persons who prefer Yale to Princeton. He is mildly successful in football but would prefer to be cheerleader and, with Princeton triumphs in view, he spends considerable time on his studies, choosing for the purpose any room in which three or four are gathered together in the interests of bridge or light conversation so that they may be suitably edified by his industry and may enliven his boredom with an occasional kindly word.

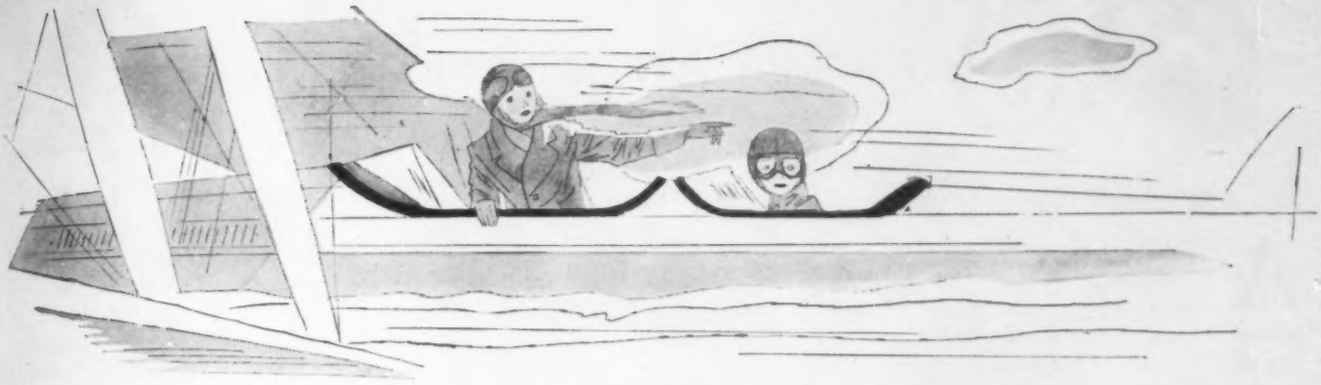
In his more confiding moments he is very charming and has many sterling virtues. He does not criticize the domestic service or the arrangement of furniture nor does he object when elderly persons of whom dignity might be expected laugh boisterously or run after buses. He has not yet noticed his father's shirts or the way his mother does her hair.—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Detroit Times*]

The child was born in Herman Kiefer Hospital while the mother was an inmate of the House of Correction.



"Stop Peter!" cried Wendy, who is now all of 17. "That Woolworth Tower traffic man (Shield No. 98516) said 'Stop'!"

"Can't stop!" shouted Peter Pan. "We're due in Hollywood this very minute to see Mary Eaton film a scene in Glorifying the American Girl."

"Do you know anybody who's as attractive as . . . Mary Eaton, Peter?"

"You!" shouted Peter. "You just keep on using Lux Toilet Soap the way Mary Eaton* does and some talkie director will sign you up toute de suite!"

*The reason Mary Eaton and so many other famous actresses use Lux Toilet Soap is because it *does* keep the skin at its very nicest—silky-smooth as a petal from the well-known *Gardenia Rubiaceae*.

It was at the actresses' request that Lux Toilet Soap has been placed in the dressing rooms of leading theaters over the country. In New York alone it is used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters. And out in Hollywood, 9 out of 10 screen stars use this daintily fragrant white soap, and *all* the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms.

The Broadway stars who are now appearing in the new sound pictures have passed the famous close-up test without a single casualty. And never have there been so many close-ups as in the new talking and singing pictures. So the actresses who are "commuting" between Broadway and Hollywood are more than ever appreciative of the way Lux Toilet Soap has guarded the smoothness of their skin.

You can keep *your* skin smooth, too—by using Lux Toilet Soap. Luxurious as fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—yet only 10¢.

MARY EATON, who starred in *The Five O'Clock Girl* on Broadway, quickened a few more million pulses when she appeared in that hilariously amusing talking picture *The Cocoanuts*. Now she is again dancing and singing before camera and microphone, in *Glorifying the American Girl*.

Mary Eaton is a petite blonde, with the very fairest of complexions, and like so *many* of the loveliest stage and screen stars, keeps her skin at its best with Lux Toilet Soap.

MARY EATON *says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth and fine. It is a wonderfully satisfactory soap!"*

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

AND CONTENTS NOTED

ALTHOUGH several undelivered messages to the world are surging in your correspondent's bosom, I must devote the day to cleaning this old desk. One stern procedure would reduce the task to almost nothing at all. That would be to take the overflowing basket marked "Anagrams," carry it out on my balcony, and drop it stealthily into the river.

When first the topic was introduced here I little thought it would become the plague of my existence, and I cannot possibly answer the inquiries, hints, taunts, and jeers it has elicited. I take it, of course, that I am not even supposed to answer Dorothy Parker when she radios from some fastness in Paris to inquire: "And have you tried throwing out the doubleyous and playing Anagrams in French?" But anyway the answer is, in no uncertain terms and in a word, no. Nor need I reply to that flippant adolescent, Frank Sullivan, when he begins a letter "Dear Anagrampa." But here, on the other hand, is a challenge I regret not being able to take up, a postcard from some itinerant correspondent which has, on its way, picked up a stowaway message, penciled in another hand, that runs as follows:

> Do you know a way to take HAMPERS with an "i," Mr. W.?
>
> THE POSTMAN

Since, unfortunately, I do not see the various mail-carriers who serve the Pueblo city where I have a little ledge of my own, I cannot reply, as I triumphantly and truthfully might, that I know *two* ways.

Sometimes a single one of these communications—dire as the single mosquito that gets under the canopy—can wreck a day dedicated to higher things. As one who has suffered from it, I advise you, for instance, not to struggle with the knotty problem resented by Howard Dietz, who, at practically no inconvenience to himself, jotted down a memorandum to the effect that MACARONI could be taken with an "h," that the resulting word could then be taken with an "s" and that one, in turn, with an "n." An abler and even more whimsical journalist than I could ever hope to be has cried out in pain under lesser affliction. You may have read A. A. Milne's account of the friend—the former friend—who caught him on his way to bed and challenged him to make a proper word out of TERALBAY. It seems that Lord Melbourne had played that very prank on Queen Victoria, and it had kept Her Majesty awake all night.

"Please do not send the solution to me," Milne wrote, in his distress, "for by the time you read this I shall either have found it out or I shall be in a nursing home. In either case it will be of no use to me. Send it to the postmaster general, or one of the Geddeses, or Mary Pickford. You will want to get it off your mind."

A New York publisher has brought out an Anagram book, the *Evening Journal* has opened an Anagram Department, someone has sent me a list of Anagrams torn from an 1808 Almanack, a NEW YORKER fanatic in Japan has sent in caustic comment on the Dorothy Parker rules as once rashly set forth on this page. But I wash my hands of the whole matter. If you like to struggle with such problems as—

> POTATOES with an "h"
> PLATTERS with an "e"
> BADINAGE with an "r"
> INHALED with an "e"
> SLAMMED with an "i"
> DIETING with an "l"

you may. But all communications on the subject shall be thrown unopened into the river. It is my riparian right.

THEN there is the *dossier* of correspondence relating to the Vanishing Lady, the twice-told legend of the Paris Exposition about the distracted English girl whose ailing mother disappeared one afternoon—disappeared so completely that, when the girl returned to the hotel after a few hours' absence, she could not find even the room where the sick woman had been resting. The story was retold on this page in the form of an inquiry. I myself had traced it as far back as "The End of Her Honeymoon," which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes published in 1913. But had she invented it? Did it ever happen?

Probably not, writes Elia W. Peattie, from Uriage-les-Bains. Mrs. Peattie herself had heard the tale fifteen or twenty years ago from a much travelled woman who firmly believed it. But when she sought to turn an honest penny by casting it in fiction form, her agent returned it scornfully, with a statement that the story was even then moss-grown. I take it that the same agent was not serving Lawrence Rising when, in 1920, he used the story in "She Who Was Helena Cass." And here is Mrs. Schernikow writing me from her antique shop in our own Madison Avenue to say that at least two years before the Lowndes book was published the whole legend appeared in the London *Daily Mail* as a news story, with the solution confessed to, through the Home Secretary, by the French Government.

I thought that there at last was my answer to the question whether Mrs. Lowndes had "unearthed it in the archives of the Paris police or spun its mystery out of her own macabre fancy." But she did neither, according to a writer in the Chicago *Journal* who goes on to say: "The tale, Mr. Woollcott, was invented thirty years ago in the editorial rooms of the Detroit *Free Press*, when Karl Harriman was the paper's facile young columnist."

This account would have it that Mr. Harriman dashed off the now world-famous legend as disguised fiction on a dull night, with the result that all the kind old ladies of Detroit sent tear-soaked letters of sympathy to the paper. "All this, boys and girls, is printed to give you an idea of how legends are born, and how historical footnotes come to be written." Thus the Chicago *Journal*.

"How now, Mr. Harriman, is this true?" I hastened to ask, in effect, and his answer is before me. It seems that he did publish the story in the Detroit *Free Press* back in 1898 or 1899, but he adds this:

> Whether I invented the story *or whether someone told it to me as an anecdote and I expanded it*, I cannot for the life of me tell you after all these years.

Which, as my sententious italics would imply, leaves the question wide open. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

TEA TEA TEA

WITHOUT THE LEAVES...ALL TEA NOTHING BUT

NOTHING ADDED . . . AND NOTHING REMOVED
SAVE THE LEAVES AND THE BOTHER OF MAKING

It's hard to believe these tiny amber crystals really are tea. We are all so used to the bother of tea leaves and tea balls, and what to do with them afterwards? We don't drink the tea leaves. So why not take all the goodness from those tea leaves, all the delicate flavour and aroma, and seal all that delicate goodness in tiny crystals? That's the FineArt* Way. You put a measure of crystals in your cup, add hot water, your tea is ready to drink. Never any mistakes in brewing —every cup just as you wish it. The dainty little tea canister is but a dollar and gives you more than one hundred cups, which cost less than a cent a cup. You will enjoy the convenience of this smarter, modern way of serving tea—for every meal and every occasion.

FineArt*
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TEA AND COFFEE

FINE ART FOODS INC., TUCKAHOE, N. Y.

FineArt* Tea and Coffee may be purchased from Charles & Co. . . Park & Tilford . . . Acker, Merrall & Condit . . . Vendome—Ecklebe & Guyer . . . Ruhmshottel Bros. in Brooklyn — Bamberger's in Newark — and other leading merchants.

"VENI, VIDI, MOVI"

Could Caesar's Wife see "Apartments of the Future" at 784 Park Avenue, she might easily paraphrase Caesar's famous message to read, "I CAME, I SAW, I MOVED" . . . for that is the way wives of important men are affected.

TWENTY STORIES OF INDUCEMENT

. . . Modern as your latest Lanvin gown! . . . Ready for September entertaining!

SIMPLEX, DUPLEX, TRIPLEX

suites—with winding stairways, terraces, loggias, wood-burning fireplaces . . . even private conservatories—and rentals such as to make delay mean disappointment!

"APARTMENTS OF THE FUTURE"

784 PARK AVE.

Corner of 74th Street
Renting Agent:
Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.
15 East 49th St., Plaza 9200
Bing & Bing, Inc., Builders

ON THE AIR

A Movie Star in Every Home — Announcer's Bane—Tips and Forecasts

SEVERAL years ago, when television first reared its ugly head, Bugs Baer wrote that the big problem of the future would be to keep covered wagons out of the dining-room. So far, television has been a reality only in the laboratories of inventors and the news columns of the *Times*, which is persistently optimistic. However, those who jump at shadows and start at tiny noises may view with alarm or wonder, as the case may be, the fact that Paramount-Famous-Lasky has acquired a half-interest in the Columbia Broadcasting System. Dreamers of dreams may hope that at some not distant day Miss Clara Bow will materialize in the living-room.

The Paramount-Publix affiliation with Columbia will be confined, at first, to one hour on the air on Saturday nights. Obviously, it isn't necessary to buy half a broadcasting chain to obtain such modest representation. Hence the fantastic suspicion that in case anyone suddenly invents a workable television contraption, Messrs. Zukor and Lasky are going to be sitting in a comfortable spot to enjoy the fun. In the meantime, a radio station may make itself useful in making the public theme-song-conscious.

IN case you don't know it, WOR and the Columbia Broadcasting System are completely divorced and WOR is now strictly a local station, with WABC as the key station of Columbia. The programs of WOR are almost undamaged by the change, although it loses Ted Heusing, the most valuable announcer during the football season. However, WOR will retain the Philharmonic concerts all during the winter, and it clings fast to the Main Street Sketches. It will also hold the Market and Halsey Street Playhouse, and I recommend this feature to you as an unexpected source of good musical talent.

Station WABC takes with it the best-known jazz orchestras and the prettiest musical signature on the air. Its programs are still cluttered with fillers-in. At present the only Paramount-Publix touch on the program is Jesse Crawford, whose trademark is the "organ poet." When, however, some of the

Exclusive news photo of Mrs. Agnes Muffin, nee Wholewheat, of Park Ave. and Coney Island. (Circle indicates Mrs. Muffin)

"Hot Stuff!"

. . . says Mrs. Muffin

Prominent Dowager gives Automatch a hand

Mrs. Muffin was approached as she scrambled down a subway kiosk en route to her exclusive South Brooklyn summer home.

"*Mais oui,* of course I use the Automatch. I have always had an ancient prejudice against wheels and gadgets on lighters anyway. We socially elite prefer the Automatch no end."

Ah, but Mrs. Muffin tells only half the story. True, Automatch has no protrusions of any sort on the outside. But it has many other features . . . it *always* works, even in front of your friends . . . it has an asbestos wick that never wears out . . . an *automatic* flint-replacement signal . . . and Energine is the fuel . . . Smart, trim, covered with genuine reptile skins, Automatch sells for $5.00 at leading department stores, jewelry stores, drug stores and speciality shops. Automatch Corporation, 267 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AUTOMATCH
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
The NEW *and* DIFFERENT *Lighter*

OF COURSE *you are a fundamentalist*

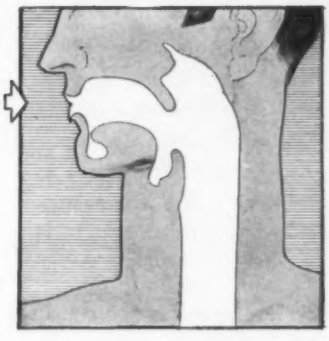
France by motor . . . That's where smart Americans picked up LA LASINE . . . discovered the assurance of a complete "mouth-cleanse" that this refreshing European antiseptic gives. Now as a result of their insistent requests you too can have that security—*LA LASINE.* An exhilarating mouth rinse with this new correct antiseptic gives you the fundamentally clean mouth condition which you have never enjoyed in the quickly evaporating antiseptics such as we have heretofore used in America.

LA LASINE instantly mixes with and cleanses mouth secretions. It quickly spreads over the entire area of delicate mouth membrane—80 square inches! It is here that the decay bacteria thrive which produce mouth uncleanliness. Your toothbrush cannot reach this area and cannot clean it. At the temperature inside your mouth, 98.6°, decay bacteria thrive on food film —the residue left in your mouth after each meal.

The French antiseptic formula, LA LASINE, destroys this food decay bacteria and leaves a medication-holding deposit of lasting effectiveness on the membrane inside your mouth. Quickly reaching the source, the LA LASINE deposit stops decay bacteria growth. It also prevents infection from disease germs. Thirty disease germs, our physicians tell us, are introduced through the mouth. Any fear of mouth uncleanliness, or infection is quickly dispelled by the fundamental "mouth-cleanse" which a daily rinse with LA LASINE brings.

at mouth temperature 98.6°

FOOD DECAYS



80 square inches inside your mouth where germs of 30 diseases start and decay bacteria thrive.

*Enchanting flasks or bottles of unusual décor are procurable at pharmacies, or the toiletry department of your favorite store, here or abroad.**

LA LASINE

PRONOUNCED LA LASEEN

PREVENTS FOOD DECAY IN THE MOUTH

A bit of France for your bathroom shelf!

**Purse or Vest Pocket flask* (1½ oz.)	10c
Travel flask (5 oz.)	35c
Home size bottle (10 oz.)	65c
Family size bottle (20 oz.)	$1.00

(With distinctive bakelite screwcap top)

La Lasine International Inc. M9-21-29
56 West 45th Street, N. Y.

Messieurs: I would like to receive your purse flask of LA LASINE. I enclose 10c.

Name (print) .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

STRAP-HANGING
—once a pleasure, now a peril

LONG ago, strap-hanging, as practised in the best circles, was a gentle affair. Grasping his strap lightly in the left hand, the exponent gracefully swayed with the movement of the car, immersed in dreamy meditation or negligently reading a paper. Today—what a difference. The era of strenuous strap-hanging is here. Now he fights his way to a favorable position and, holding on like grim death, is buffetted, pushed and shoved, swung off his feet, pummelled and trodden on. Emerging to light and air, limp, hot and exhausted, more fit for a hospital than an office.

Which explains why so many former strap-hangers have graduated to Tudor City. From this pleasant oasis, with its shady trees and green grass, only four minutes' stroll from Grand Central, they walk to business. And return in the evening fresh enough to enjoy the extra hours gained for work or play. Tudor City has everything necessary for health or convenience. Three restaurants, maid and valet service, shops for incidental purchases, a miniature eighteen hole golf course, garage, children's playground, a nursing bureau. Rents are reasonable. Renting office at east end of 42nd Street. (Vanderbilt 8860.)

Your choice of 147 different kinds of apartments in 7 buildings. Hotel apartments, 1, 2 and 3 rooms: $900—$2700. Housekeeping apartments, 1 to 6 rooms: $800—$3900. Additional apartments ready this Fall.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, INC.
551 Fifth Avenue, New York City Vanderbilt 6320

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

Write for the new descriptive booklet N.Y.-1

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO., Inc., 25 Prospect Pl., New York
Please send me without obligation your new 32-page booklet describing Tudor City.

NAME ADDRESS

good old eat-'em-alive showmanship of Paramount takes a swing at the radio, WABC ought to shake out of the sleeping sickness that has gripped the makers of radio programs.

THE by now almost forgotten arrival of the Graf Zeppelin was just an announcer's orgy. I daresay Graham McNamee, William Lynch, and Milton Cross, among others, are about fed up on the Zeppelin. At the grand climax of the world cruise, the boys were hard up for something new to say. All the breathless enthusiasm had been spent on little local jaunts from here to Germany. The announcers had pretty well convinced the public that the Zeppelin looks like a great big silver cigar. When it returned from Japan via Los Angeles, oddly enough it still looked like a great big silver cigar.

The covering of the event was a good technical achievement. Microphones were hidden everywhere except in Lady Drummond Hay's hat, and the announcers spoke from planes, dangled off roofs, and even pursued the Zeppelin down the field, talking into the microphone as they ran. It was a weary business. If the Zeppelin ever mysteriously blows up, I advise the police to hold all radio announcers on suspicion.

WITH the fading of summer static, which is supposed to cease abruptly exactly on September 1, but doesn't, radio is trembling on the verge of Big Things. Sir Harry Lauder's American début—broadcast from Canada—started the fall season with a great deal of hoop-la about how much money Sir Harry made for singing his few songs. If Sir Harry hadn't made a farthing, that would have been news. The Fleischmann Sunshine Hour began auspiciously with George Gershwin as soloist. Speaking in a general way, I recommend programs featuring Vernon Dalhart. Also, if you must have talks, look for David Lawrence or Floyd Gibbons, neither of whom is ashamed of being informative. Watch, too, for the programs of the Philco Hour. They are broadcasts of old musical comedies and it is good to rehear "The Pink Lady," "The Arcadians," and "The Geisha." The new Mobiloil programs on Wednesday nights, over WEAF, are considerably above the average, for the orchestra is conducted by Erno Rapee, who has really done nobly as the conductor of the Roxy orchestra. —A. S.

New Presentations

Marie Earle
PARIS-1910

The Marie Earle Preparations

Made with understanding care by exclusive formulae, the prices of the Marie Earle preparations are no more than one would expect for such luxurious effectiveness.

You need only three of her preparations for the daily Basic Treatment to keep your skin petal fine and smooth. *Essential Cream*, both to cleanse and to nourish, $1.90. *Cucumber Emulsion*, to insure deepest tissue nourishment, $2.90. The lotion for your type of skin —*Soothing Freshener Lotion*, $1.00—*Almond Astringent*, $2.25—*Strong Astringent*, $2.25

Marie Earle Preparations for special conditions

Liquid Bleach:
To remove tan, freckles and blemishes, $4.00
Acne Lotion:
For Acne, blackheads and relaxed pores, $2.25
Special Healing Lotion:
For eruptions, cold sores, insect bites, $2.25
Stimulating Oil:
To firm flaccid muscles, stimulate sallow skins, $3.75
Pore Contractor:
Refines coarse pores, $2.00
Reducer:
Reduces fatty tissues of face, neck, shoulders, bust. $4.75
Fattening Cream:
To develop contours and correct emaciated tissues, $2.90.

Marie Earle Cosmetics

Finishing Cream, gives the skin a lovely texture and holds the powder, four shades, $3.75. *Liquid Powder*, a flattering make-up for face, neck, arms, hands and back, three shades, $4.00. *Face Powder*, exquisite, new, meets the requirements of the modern woman, five shades, $1.75, $3.25.

"Understanding Your Skin," the charming new booklet, tells you everything you need to know to become expert in Marie Earle's beauty-bringing methods. The coupon will bring you your complimentary copy.

Marie Earle, Inc., 660 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please send me gratis, the new book, "Understanding Your Skin."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

reflecting the luxury of their Beauty Bringing Contents

TO the aristocratic and beautiful women who have followed Marie Earle's skilled methods of skin care for so many years these delightful new presentations bespeak an adventure in loveliness. The distinguished new color scale of jet black, white and jade brings new charm to the dressing table. The exquisite jars with their smart and convenient mottled tops, the bevelled bottles with their crystal stoppers add a new luxury to your daily beauty rites. The ensemble is a fitting expression of the rare quality of Marie Earle's exclusive beauty bringing preparations.

..in the revue it's

PEP!

Chesterf

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC ...

© 1929, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

..in a cigarette it's TASTE!

WHETHER YOUR cigarette sparkles with spicy aroma — or merely delivers undistinguished blue smoke — is all a matter of *cigarette taste*. And that depends on the tobacco, on who blends it, and how.

* * *

Ever *taste* a Chesterfield? It sparkles. There's a newness, a really interesting spiciness in its aroma. There's something "live" about the flavor . . . something that you're not likely to tire of, ever.

* * *

And that something is *taste*, no question about it . . . and here's why:

From initial tobacco buying through to final blending and cross-blending, the standard Chesterfield method, *every* step is directly toward the one thing smokers want—

TASTE *above everything*

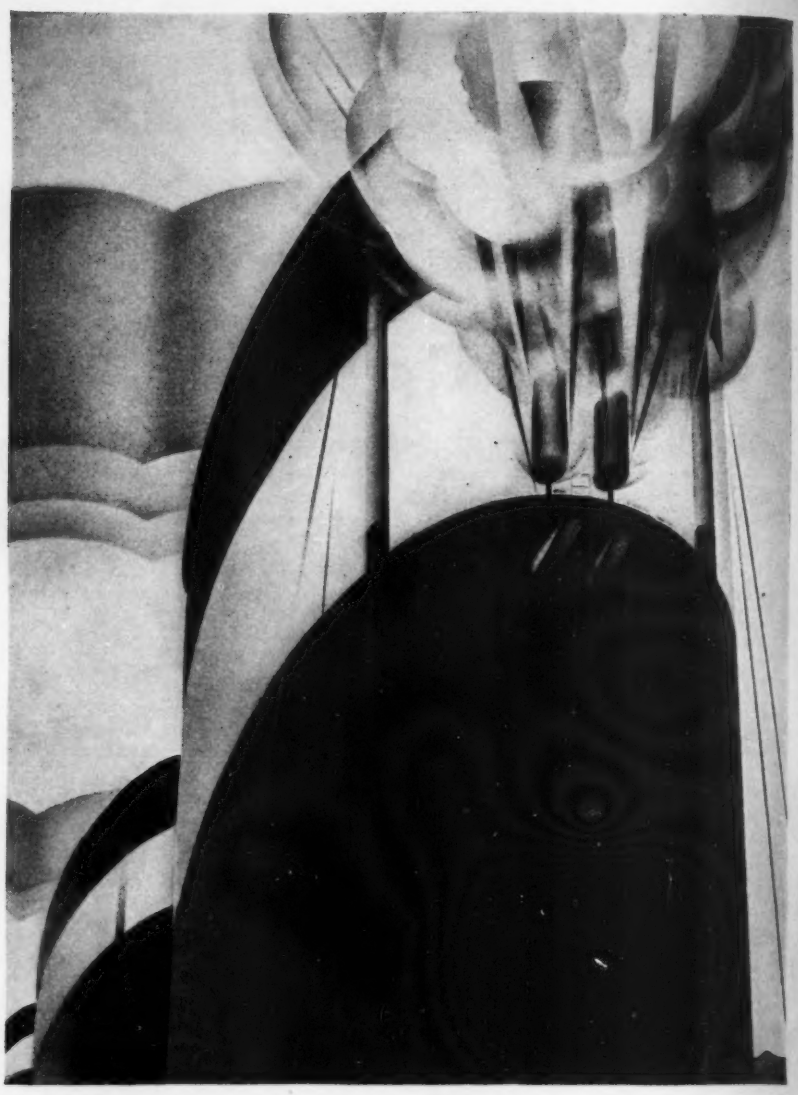
erfield

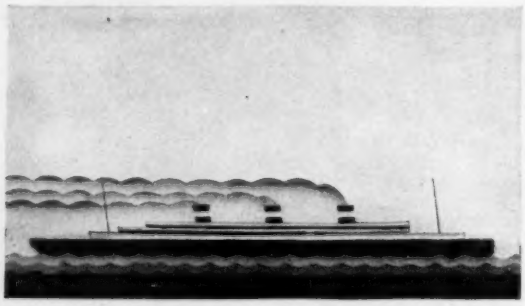
. . . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

Salute a New Era

. . . in American Maritime Enterprise





At the helm of the great transatlantic fleet of the American Merchant Marine—the United States Lines and the American Merchant Lines—eleven splendid ships—is a new command, that of a vast organized group of loyal, successful American citizens. Under its leadership you are now offered a complete North Atlantic service flying the American flag. A perfect passage for every purse. If you want swiftness enriched by luxury take the Leviathan, world's largest liner. If you seek the sum total of fine accommodations, fine food, fine comfort at low rates choose one of these superb cabin liners . . . George Washington, America, Republic, President Roosevelt and President Harding. Weekly sailings direct from New York to London, too, on the five popular ships of the American Merchant Lines. To Europe? . . . Sail under the Stars and Stripes.

UNITED STATES LINES

For complete information see your local agent or our offices: New York, 45 Broadway; Boston, 75 State St.; Chicago, 61 W. Jackson Blvd.; Cleveland, Hotel Cleveland Bldg.; Detroit, 1514 Washington Blvd.; St. Louis, Jefferson Hotel; Philadelphia, 1600 Walnut St.; San Francisco, 691 Market St.; Los Angeles, 548 S. Spring St.; Minneapolis, 312 Second Ave., S.; Seattle, 4th & University Sts.; Pittsburgh, 705 Liberty Ave.; Washington, 1027 Connecticut Ave.; THESE LINES OFFER A COMPLETE FREIGHT SERVICE—SPECIFY AMERICAN SHIPS FOR YOUR FOREIGN TRADE

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE S.P.C.A.

THE motives that impelled Mr. Henry Bergh to become a humanitarian were never clearly revealed. Indeed, his background was distinctly against it, for he was descended from a very old New York family whose conservatism had long been nourished on wealth and social distinction. Christian Bergh, his father, was a shipbuilder whose special pride was the fact that his yards at the foot of Scammel Street on the East River had turned out a number of excellent vessels for the War of 1812. When Henry was born in 1823 the father rejoiced in the hope that here was a son destined to build still greater fighting vessels. In this, however, he was disappointed. Henry early evinced a desire to become a playwright and, after attending Columbia for a year, went abroad to improve himself with foreign travel. At the age of twenty-five he returned to New York and married the daughter of Mr. Richard Taylor, a well-known English architect then living in the city. When his father died a few years later, Henry Bergh inherited a fortune and returned to Europe with his wife.

In 1862 he became Secretary of Legation and Acting Consul at St. Petersburg, and it was at the Russian capital that his compassion for oppressed animals first expressed itself. It seems that the droshky-driving moujiks were brutally inconsiderate of their horses and Mr. Bergh's heart ached at the frequent sight of a driver beating his steed. He was finally moved to interfere one day and severely lectured every driver he found whipping a horse, obtaining complete and cringing obedience. The Russian winters, however, proved too severe for outdoor speaking, and at the end of two years Mr. Bergh's health forced him to give up his post. On his way home he stopped in London, where he visited the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, then in its fortieth thriving year. Deeply impressed, he determined to found a similar society in the United States.

After his return to New York Mr. Bergh in 1866 obtained a state charter for an American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. One week later he persuaded the Legislature at Albany not only to make cruelty to animals a misdemeanor, but also to award all fines to the Society's treasury. With these triumphs behind him, Mr. Bergh returned to New York and at the first meeting of the S.P.C.A. was appreciatively elected president.

IN spite of the fact that he was now forty-three years old and suffered severely from dyspepsia, Mr. Bergh immediately set out to patrol the streets of New York. Three days after his election he stopped the cart of a Brooklyn butcher who was transporting a load of calves to the abattoir. The calves were tied by the legs and piled one on top of the other. Mr. Bergh ordered the driver to untie their legs. When the driver refused he was arrested, hauled into court, and fined ten dollars. A similar case next day resulted in the imposition of another fine of ten dollars and the further sentence of one day in jail. Encouraged by these victories, which marked the first recorded cases of conviction for cruelty to animals in America, Mr. Bergh acquired several agents, paid the Society's deficits out of his own pocket, and pursued his mission with redoubled zeal.

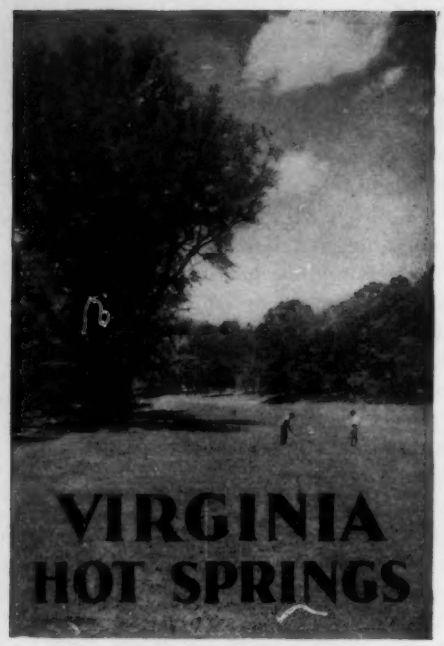
He exposed stock-food dealers who were adulterating horse and cattle food. He began the first of a never-ending stream of letters to the newspapers appealing for better street paving so that horses might not hurt themselves. He made regular raids on the low dives where dog and cockfights were held, and broke up so many pigeon-shooting contests that sportsmen were finally compelled to use clay birds.

His favorite occupation, however, was to station himself at the junction of two or more horse-car lines to examine the team and load of every car that passed. If he thought the load was too heavy he would compel some of the passengers to get off, and if a horse seemed to him unfit for service he would order it unharnessed and led back to the stable. The irate protests of passengers who had to continue their journey on foot through rain and snow failed to move him in the least. "If we are a civilized and Christian people," he would say under such circumstances, "let us show it now by walking."

The crews and owners of the lines, to be sure, considered his interference an outrage, but they couldn't do a thing about it. Under the law which Mr. Bergh had so wisely obtained, police officers were obliged to make arrests on the complaint of any member or agent of the Society, and if a driver refused to obey Mr. Bergh he soon found himself in the calaboose and an unwilling contributor to the Society's treasury. Indeed, Mr. Bergh further improved his position by obtaining a permanent appointment as assistant district attorney to facilitate his prosecution of cases in court, and notwithstanding the opposition of the newspapers he pushed through another state law authorizing his society to create and maintain a uniformed police of its own, with regular police powers and the right to enter and seize in homes.

"Please, darling—don't make mother conspicuous!"

THE newspapers, particularly Mr. James Gordon Bennett's *Herald*, devoted many columns to satirizing Mr. Bergh and his society, but the only noticeable result was an increase in members and donations. In 1870 one Louis Bonnard, a French resident of New York and a firm believer in the transmigration of souls, died at St. Vincent's Hospital and left his entire fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the Society. This bequest relieved Mr. Bergh of all personal responsibility



Nature's
Fairy God-Child

GENTLY, Nature stooped over the sleeping land. She waved a strong brown hand. "You shall have beauty," she said, "and warm, sunny days—bracing air—still, starry nights." She stopped and placed a finger on the earth: "and from your heart shall flow streams of healing waters."

So man found Virginia Hot Springs—and was refreshed. As early as 1766, a small hostelry, named The Homestead, was erected where the great modern Homestead now stands. Among its many celebrated guests, when we were still a British colony, were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton.

Ever since, people of distinction have been coming to The Homestead—always one of the country's foremost hotels. The efficacy of the "cure" has made Virginia Hot Springs the Carlsbad of America. The spring waters are used only as they come bubbling from the earth—before exposure to the atmosphere modifies their efficacy. For those who want them are hydro-therapeutic treatments, baths and massage—all under the supervision of skilled physicians. Every year hundreds of guests return to business and social duties, invigorated by the mysterious powers of the waters.

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The HOMESTEAD
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and insured the Society a long life and happy days.

The two attic rooms at Fourth Street and Broadway, which had served as headquarters, were now abandoned for a house at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. On the roof of the porch over the front entrance Mr. Bergh placed a life-sized wooden figure of a horse. His own office he established on an upper floor and so decorated it that it soon looked like a museum of horrors. On the floor stood a large stuffed dog with mutilated ears and scarred legs, rescued too late from its brutal oppressors. Over his desk hung the picture of a horse writhing in the last agonies of the bullfight. Another picture showed a gamecock crowing sadistically over its fallen foe, and the decorations were completed with a display of whips, gaffs, clubs, spurs, and other devices of torture. In these cheerful surroundings, when his presence was not demanded elsewhere, Mr. Bergh would sit at the window for hours at a time, his brooding gray eyes scrutinizing every horse-car and vehicle that passed below.

IN 1874 an unusual case of cruelty was called to his attention by a welfare worker from St. Luke's Mission, who informed him that a certain Mrs. Mary O'Connell, who lived in a rear tenement in West Forty-first Street, was in the habit of violently beating her young ward, Mary Ellen McCormack. The laws then permitted none but a relative to interfere in cases of cruelty to children, but Mr. Bergh promptly brought action against Mary O'Connell on the ground that the abused child was a little animal. He won the case and Mrs. O'Connell was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. Thereupon Mr. Bergh promptly organized the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the first of its kind in the world.

DESPITE the burden of increasing years, Mr. Bergh remained active to the end. He fought vigorously against the practice of muzzling dogs and denied the existence of hydrophobia. He engaged in bitter disputes with the medical profession and only the herculean efforts of the

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Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

doctors kept him from obtaining a law against vivisection. He said that vaccination was foolishness, and opposed it for the additional reason that it was a hardship on the animals that had to provide the serum. His interest in domestic animals grew to such a point that in January, 1881, he asked the Legislature to pass a bill providing for the whipping of husbands who beat their wives. At the same time he suggested that the lashes should be applied by a machine "in order to insure equal punishment to all."

Although he maintained a brave, if melancholy, public appearance, Mr. Bergh's private life was not a happy one. His long, lean figure and angular features made him a tempting subject for cartoonists, and the worst of it was that he was very sensitive to ridicule. A satiric article often drove him to his room in tears. He had no children, and in 1879 his wife left him and went to live with friends. His sufferings from dyspepsia steadily increased. He was a sad and solitary man who never owned a pet of any kind, oddly enough, was never known to caress a horse. The theatre was his one indulgence. He was an inveterate first-nighter, but from the critical letters he addressed to the papers one suspects that his pleasure was tinged with bitterness. This perhaps might be traced to the fact that London and New York producers had steadfastly refused to have anything to do with his own plays. Clara Morris, the actress, to whom Bergh once submitted a five-act rapture in blank verse, later described it as closely resembling "the lucubrations of a clever girl of sixteen." His venture into narrative poetry was equally disappointing. A London publisher brought out a lengthy poem called "Married Off." It was meant to be a piece of humorous writing, but the London critics, with proverbial British obtuseness, failed to get the point and roasted him without mercy. In the winter of 1881 one of his plays, "Love's Alternative," finally achieved the dignity of an amateur performance at the Union League Theatre for the benefit of Frobisher's College of Oratory and Acting. The reviews next day hardly brought Mr. Bergh comfort. The *Times* referred to the play as "a specimen of rank cruelty to his fellow-men" and unkindly suggested that a man in his right senses couldn't have written it.

ON the night of March 12, 1888, in his sixty-fifth year, Mr.

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

Bergh died of pneumonia at his home at 429 Fifth Avenue. His funeral was a highly impressive affair. The uniformed officers of the Society presented a broken shaft of white roses. A pillow of violets and white roses bearing the word "Humanity" was supposed to have come from the brute creation. From the edge of his casket hung the photograph of a large dog and on its reverse side was inscribed "Samson's Best Friend." The funeral was attended by many of the city's notables, including a delegation from the Union Club, the Mayor of New York, Mr. Chauncey Depew, Mr. Joseph Choate, Mr. Elbridge Gerry, and Mr. P. T. Barnum. The body was laid to rest in St. Mark's Churchyard.

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THE Society for which Henry Bergh labored so heroically is today a rich and flourishing organization, with one hundred and fifty paid workers and an annual income of four hundred thousand dollars. More than half of this revenue is derived from the exclusive privilege of licensing New York's dogs. In return the S. P. C. A. operates the municipal pound, which, however, it has euphemistically renamed the Animal Shelter. Since the City Fathers' recent prohibition of public horse troughs, which were found to be carriers of contagious diseases, the Society has purchased several water-trucks. These travel about the warehouse districts during the summer months and administer to the thirst of the rapidly vanishing horse.

The Society is also very active in spreading the gospel of humanitarianism. It organizes bands of Young Defenders in the public schools and annually distributes tons of pamphlets with such titles as "The Horse's Prayer," "The Fate of the Fur Folk," and "Who Stole the Bird's Nest?" At present the leaders of the S. P. C. A. are earnestly seeking a method to reduce the number of New York's homeless cats, whose sufferings for want of food and shelter are said to be beyond description. Indeed, if successful, it may even result in long-delayed recognition of the great man whose genius and foresight remain today uncelebrated, alas, by statue or monument.

—ROBERT CURRY

•

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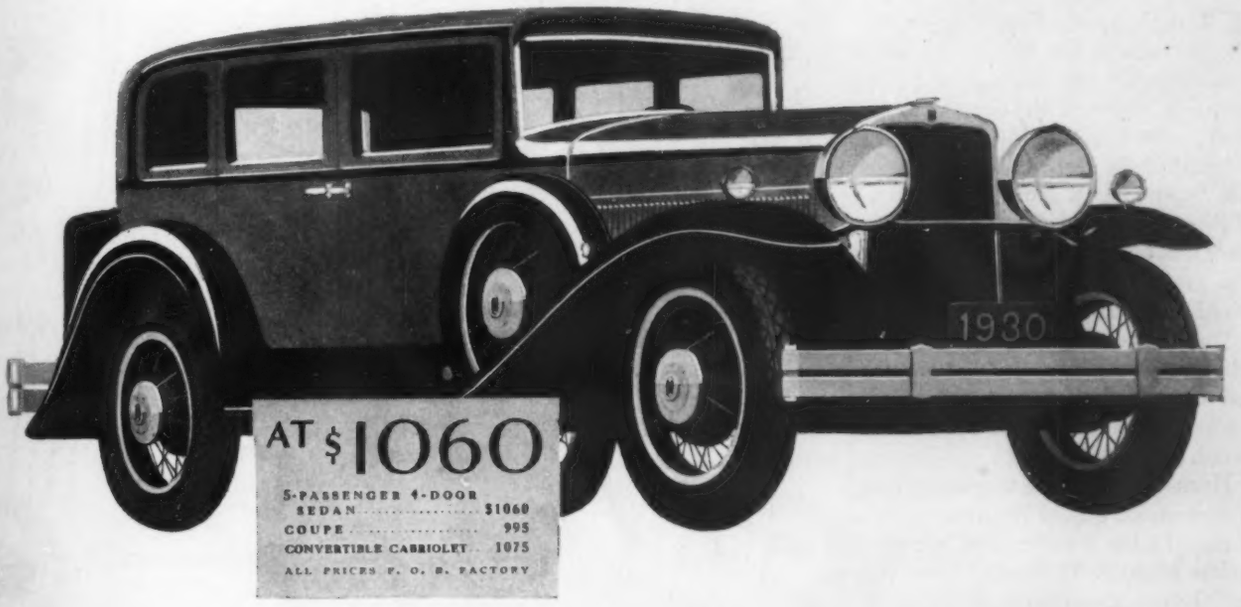

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THE TENNIS COURTS

One Old Order that Refuses to Pass—Mr. Hunter Meets His Partner—Favorites and Some Falls—Young Doeg's Record

ANOTHER tennis season has come to an end with the close of the Men's National Championship, and once more, in spite of the annual post-mortems, two "aged veterans" have established their supremacy over a host of young rivals from all sections of the country. There haven't been many tournaments in the entire series of forty-eight that have witnessed so many unlooked-for developments, and it was the younger generation of players that was engulfed, while the older order held its own. For the third successive year, William Tilden and his doubles partner, Francis T. Hunter, receive the top two places in the national tennis ranking.

THAT Tilden should have come through to the final of the championship surprised no one, for he was generally expected to win the tournament; and, incidentally, in doing so, he equalled the record of seven victories held jointly by Richard D. Sears and William A. Larned. Hunter, however, was hardly given more consideration as a possible finalist than he received in 1928, when he defeated Richard Norris Williams, II, Julius Seligson, Jean Borotra, Jack Crawford, and George Lott, and carried Henri Cochet to five sets in the championship round.

Hunter didn't have to come through so formidable a field this time in order to face Tilden for the title; but nevertheless Richard Williams, Fritz Mercur, Junior Coen, and Eddie Jacobs, all of whom fell before his sledge-hammer forehand, would have taken quick advantage had there been any weakness in his game.

The player who was expected to gain the final in Hunter's half was George Lott, who was seeded ahead of Hunter. Lott went out in the third round. His defeat by Wilmer Allison in a match that was played on a muddy, cut-up court, and that was interrupted for half an hour by rain, was only one of the many reversals of form that marked the week's play, and which are going to make the task of the ranking committee more difficult than it has been in many seasons. On the same day that Lott fell before Allison, E. W. Feibleman further upset things by eliminating Berkeley Bell. That morning Feibleman had put out Dr. King in a match that had been postponed the preceding afternoon. Twenty-four hours after beating Bell, Feibleman took the first two sets from H. W. Austin. E. R. Avory, Norman G. Farquharson, and J. S. Olliff, Austin's compatriots, fell before players whom they probably had never heard of before. Edgar Dawson accounted for Farquharson, Elmer Griffin disposed of Avory, and John S. Miller vanquished Olliff in three sets. Gregory Mangin failed to survive his opening match with Arnold Jones; Jerry Lang took the first two sets from John Doeg in another opening-day match; Harold MacGuffin, an unranked player from Philadelphia, carried Austin to five sets; Williams dispatched Arnold Jones; Philip Neer of California went out in the second round, the victim of the inexperienced David N. Jones of Columbia University; Doeg had his hands full to survive his two-hour match with the little-known J. Barry Wood, Jr., of Boston; and Tilden was in all sorts of difficulties against Frank Shields, John Van Ryn, and John Doeg.

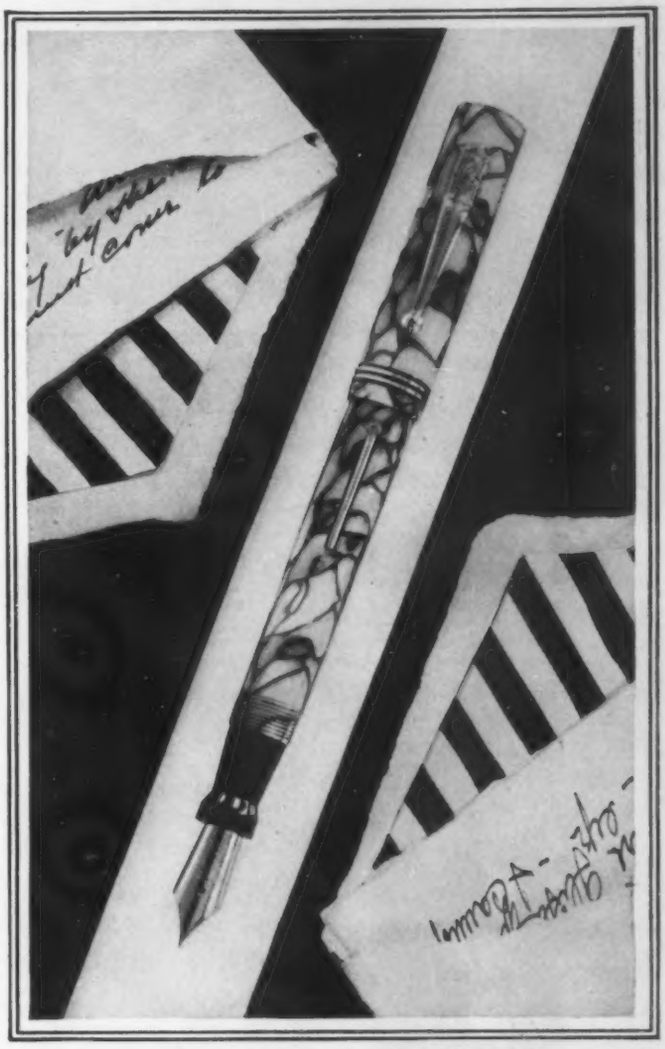
SHIELDS and Van Ryn each took a set from Tilden. Shields came within a point of taking a second; Van Ryn had a lead of 5–2 and 30–0 for a second; and Doeg, playing the finest tennis he has ever shown in the East, led Tilden 2 sets to 1. Had Doeg's fearful service not collapsed just when

he needed it most, Tilden might well have failed to survive this match in the semi-finals. As it turned out, it was not until the score had gone to 4–all in the fourth set that Tilden definitely gained command for the first time in the match.

During the intermission after the

third set, an enthusiastic supporter called to Doeg, "You're going to win this match, and you're going to beat Hunter in the final. You'll be national champion on Saturday." Doeg grinned broadly and answered, "If I am it'll be a great joke."

IT would have been far from just a joke, for the improvement in Doeg's game has been one of the season's features. Against Austin in the quarter-finals, and against Tilden in the next round, his ground strokes served him beautifully, and at times he was actually beating Tilden from the back court, chopping and slicing with deep well-placed strokes and interspersing drop shots in a manner that had Tilden scrambling as wildly as the gallery was cheering. Tilden has seldom had to bring so much cunning to bear against an American, and he has rarely risen to greater heights under stress than he did in extricating himself from his perilous position. It was his magnificent passing shots from the backcourt gauged to the inch to knife through the smallest openings, that broke up Doeg's net attack, and his service was fairly annihilating when he needed it most, counting for three aces in a love game. Doeg, after bringing cheers from the stands for his service in the first half of the match, cracked badly in his service toward the end. It was fortunate for Tilden that he did; for, brilliantly as the veteran was playing, it is still doubtful whether he could have broken through that battering, low-shooting delivery which had him completely at a loss until Doeg had



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won the first set and led 2–0 and 40–15 in the second.

On the strength of his showing in the championship, it will be surprising if Doeg does not receive recognition from the Davis Cup Committee next year. Taking his record for the whole season into consideration—a record that includes victories at Nassau, Agawam, Longwood, and Sea Bright—he can hardly be ranked lower than fourth, while he may even be placed third.

THE final between Tilden and Hunter was a better match than their final at Rye, in the Eastern Championship, but the outcome was foreordained. Hunter doesn't seem to be able to play well when his doubles partner is across the net. Although he led 2 sets to 1, you always felt that Tilden was the master of the situation.

When Tilden gets only five points in four games he patently is not playing his best tennis, and that was all he got in the first four games of the third set. When, however, he came back from the showers for the fourth, the gallery knew that it would see an entirely different Tilden in action. Hunter never had a chance then, with the ball whistling into his back corners, dropping teasingly over the net, curling off the damp turf with its reverse spin, and catapulting out of the service court.

In the last set Hunter pummeled the ball, but every good shot he made begot its answer in kind. A break through service in the fifth game was all that Tilden needed to assure him of victory, and once he had effected it, Hunter might as well have tried to hammer down a stone wall as to regain the lost ground. It was a magnificent set of tennis, probably the best that Tilden and Hunter have played against each other, and the fact that it was the fifth set is evidence enough that the two "aged veterans" are not quite tottering on their last legs.

THE PASSING SHOW: Tilden appealing to Samuel H. Collom in the face of unfavorable demonstrations from the gallery during his match with Frank Shields. . . . Dick Williams and Vincent Richards joining forces again in an exhibition match with Karel Kozeluh and Frank Shields. . . . George Lott exclaiming, "What I wouldn't give to have Austin's ground strokes!" . . . Brian Norton saying, "I think George Lott is going to be the world's greatest player."

—A. D.

THE GIRL FRIEND

"GEE, I like those shoes, Mil." "Like 'em? I got 'em for nothing. From my girl friend's boy friend."

"No kidding? Some girl friend!"

"And some boy friend! I'm telling you. But say, I feel terrible about Ednar—that's my girl friend, Ednar. Say, listen, is she sore at me! And for no reason! Listen at this and tell me could I help it. You see this fellow, this Frank that's Ednar's boy friend, see, he's a very brilliant fellow, see, he's a engineer and down where he works, see, there's a couple of shoe factories where they make women's shoes and when they get something wrong with the elevators or something, see, they call for him to come over and fix it up. And lots of times they want to give him a little something extra, see, and he always says, oh never mind, but if they insist he tells 'em they can give him a pair of shoes for his girl. So they let him come up and pick out a couple pairs. So he always got a pair in 5B, that's Ednar's size and maybe a pair in 8B, that's his sister's size. So one of those factories is where they make those orthopedic shoes, those awfully ugly shoes that are supposed to be so healthy for the feet. You know, Stell. But the other factory, they make very cute sandals and all with short vamps and very stunning. So Ednar told him to always bring her those and to take his sister the orthopedic ones. But I guess his sister must have had something to say because last Sunday he came in to Ednar's while I was up there and he brought Ednar a pair of shoes. So she opened 'em up right away and they were a pair of those round-toed, low-heeled foot-corrector shoes. And was she furious! The way she talked to Frank, it was terrible. She just slammed 'em down in the trash basket—which frankly, Stell, was where they belonged, but even so Ednar had no business talking that way to Frank, because he meant well. And I told her, right in front of Frank I told her that I thought she was all wrong and I said, 'Why what's wrong with those shoes, Ednar?' I said, 'They certainly would be good for one's feet with those low heels and all, I should think.' Because I felt sorry for Frank the way she talked to him. So he was sore too at how she talked to him and he picked up his hat to leave without even doing Ednar the good to answer her. So I said I had to be going too then. So he walked home with me. And I could see he felt pretty low so

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NONSENSE
Said Cuthbert

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HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON

GOWNS
WRAPS
JEWELRY
PERFUME
BAGS

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Burby
SOLEIL HATS
$6.75
Mr. A. W. Simon returns from Paris with lovely bait for ladyfish.
Miss Cameron is wearing a BURBY reproduction of the new Rose Valois hat in felt or soleil.
A size for every clever head
Lanson
55 West 34th St.
Just across from Hotel McAlpin
As worn by Miss Madeline Cameron Style-Star of "Follow-Thru"

I tried to cheer him up and I told him I thought that he had perfectly lovely taste in shoes and not to mind if Ednar was unreasonable, and pretty soon he seemed to feel better. And we talked for a long time and then he asked me couldn't he come up to see me Wednesday night. And I said, 'Sure.' And he said, what size shoes do I wear. And I told him. And he brought me these."

"They're sure swell."

"And is Ednar sore at me! I ask you! I mean, you got to handle a fellow like that. See, Stell? Like I told him, I explained him how I am. I'm funny, I simply can't wear those low-heeled oxford shoes. I got to have high heels or I get fallen arches. And like I told him, I got such small feet that I have to be more careful, whereas when girls wear a 8B like his sister they don't care. You know what I mean, with feet like that what's the difference? He got me right away. But Ednar was so unreasonable with him. See, Stell?" —G. SCHWABE

•

THE END OF SUMMER

These long, long afternoons of sun,
And wind among wild carrot-laces:
Of sweet, cool airs that rush upon
The asters' small, ecstatic faces:

The noise of water running through
The breathless hurry of the Gap;
No pause, no peace until the blue,
Wide welcome of the Basin's lap;

The sea-gulls' laughter crackling high
Like witches at a cauldron spell;
A wedge of geese against the sky;
The torment of the buoy's bell;

A ship salutes the lighthouse reef,
The fog-horn answers, patient, gruff—
The echo, resonant and brief
Clangs on the ledges of the bluff.

The smoke of autumn creeps upon
The snowy spread of carrot-laces,
There is a coldness in the sun,
And asters grow more solemn faces.

—PATIENCE EDEN

•

FOR SALE—10,000 ton (wooden) five section dry dock, electrical equipped, seven years old in A-1 condition. Price very reasonable for quick sale.—*Marine News Weekly Tip Sheet.*

Have you another like it? We need one for each side of the fireplace.

The
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
Shoe for Men
Atmosphere . . . As in the setting of an exclusive country club . . . as the graceful lines of a smart roadster . . . so this superior footwear for gentlemen imparts a tasteful dignity and richness to the person. Shoes made by Johnston & Murphy create a feeling of simple elegance and quiet distinction.
THE J&M JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
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Newark, N. J.
Pasadena, California
Oxford of imported Scotch grain—
a dealer near by will serve you.

POUDRE

Le Début

Outdoor living calls for new tones and texture in your face powder . .

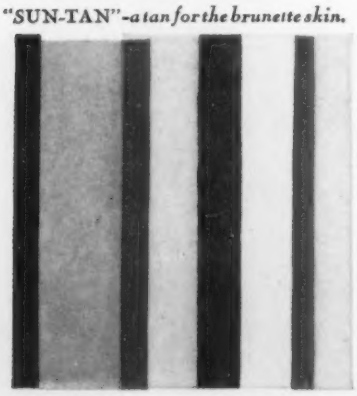
Remember, living in the sun and wind has wrought a subtle change in both tone and texture of your skin. *Poudre le Début* has such a smooth silken texture and such an unusual range of *natural* color tones that it blends perfectly with the modern skin . . . Totally new, *vitally* different, this powder also *protects* the skin — and meets completely the demands of the modern woman for a perfect outdoor powder.

For LIGHT complexions:

"PEARL"-*for the fair skin with color.*
"PEARL WITH GLOW"-*a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.*
"NATURELLE"-*to match the medium-toned skin.*
"SUN-TINT"-*a tan for the fair skin.*

For BRUNETTES:

"RACHEL"-*for the brunette with color.*
"RACHEL WITH GLOW"-*a warm tone for the brunette with little color.*
"OCRE-ROSE"-*a warm tone for the olive skin.*
"SUN-TAN"-*a tan for the brunette skin.*



The day of the old-style "covering-up" face powder is definitely past. Fashion today demands a powder smoother and finer than has ordinarily been known and one that brings out or accents delicately the natural tones of the skin . . . That's why *Poudre le Début* is so distinctly a *modern* face powder. Sift it between your fingers—you have never felt anything more velvety to the touch. Put a bit on your face—a little goes a long way—and it spreads loveliness like a subtle veil . . . And the range of *natural* color tones is probably the most unusual that has ever been offered in a face powder . . . For the first time—a really scientific powder—*Poudre le Début* is certainly not "just another powder." It is the result of two years' intensive research in scientific laboratories. Its formula contains several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder—some of them have properties that *protect* the skin against the ill effects of burn, wind, dust and city soot—others that make it an absolutely *safe* powder . . . *Poudre le Début* never cakes, dusts off or smears. It adheres indefinitely. You'll like the elusive delicacy of its fragrance, so typically *le Début*. And the gay, colorful *modern* box will give a smart touch to your dressing table . . . It may be had at any of the better shops.

RICHARD
HUDNUT
NEW YORK • • PARIS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE first view of the elaborate ensembles offered this season for daytime wear certainly makes a girl stop and think. To eyes accustomed for many years to severe simplicity as a standard for smartness the first feeling is that they seem too fussy and hussyish to be really chic. The second feeling is that something must be done at once about applying to the proper authorities for a raise in that dress allowance. And the third is that it is perfectly possible women will go in for being charming and utterly idle again. You can't run around an office being efficient in velvet, lamé, and silver fox all at once. The new fashions might easily revolutionize the emancipation-of-women theory.

THE way fur is applied on coats and ensembles for daytime and evening is interesting and radically new. There are many cloth coats with flat furs, like galliac and kid caracul, applied so lavishly as to cover at times half the surface of the coat. The effect is not in the least bulky. Vionnet supplies the supreme example of this mode in a coat of black broadcloth and black kid caracul to be found at Bonwit Teller. A deep band of fur around the bottom of the coat extends upward in a point to the normal waistline in back, zigzags down again, and once more ascends to form the flare at the closing. Fur also forms the sleeve from the elbow down to a point over the back of the hand. The coat wraps way around under the arm in Vionnet's grand manner, the whole effect being as beautiful as any I have ever seen. Vionnet also makes an enchanting short jacket of kid caracul. This wraps around tightly to indicate the normal waistline and closes in an inverted V-line in front. In back, the bottom of the jacket slants upward diagonally. It was shown with a little black woollen dress, very circular in the skirt, and belted at the normal waist, with a tight bodice wrapped across and buttoned above the hip.

Patou adores a deep fluffy band of fox; he puts deep fur bands on the bottom of long coats to emphasize the circular feeling at the hem. He also loves to use fox on the bottom of jackets, for daytime or evening, applied below the hips in back and ascending upward toward the front, in a manner highly flattering to the figure. He does it, with black fox, on a jacket of gold lamé worn over an evening dress of the same fabric. (The dress is modestly décolleté in front, belted normally, and descends almost to the ankles in the classic style Patou favors this season. In the back, the décolletage descends to the waist, and the skirt sweeps the floor in a train.) In fact, you may observe this treatment for evening jackets everywhere, from the familiar black-velvet-and-white-fox type onward. For daytime, Patou uses the hip band of fox on the two-thirds coat of bottle-green sheer velvet accompanying a dress of the same fabric; Paquin creates a fake-jacket effect in the same manner on one of his ensembles.

Still another use of fur, which is radically different from anything yet seen, and a little difficult to get used to,

"We have plenty of birthday cards for Grandma, but we have no call whatever for Grandpa."

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is applications of fluffy or flat furs to emphasize a downward and flaring line on ensemble coats of medium length. These fur bands start quite high in the front and descend downward and outward, taking care that the back of the hips is kept perfectly flat and that the flare occurs below it. Paquin is fond of this technique.

YOU will see a number of lamé linings and dresses used for daytime. Patou, for instance, has a pleated tunic, extending to the knees, of a green and gold lamé, belted at the normal waistline (and fat it makes you look, too, though you will have to be reconciled to looking fat again), and lines the three-quarter coat of wool rep and caracul with the same fabric. Lots of lamé blouses are being shown, but whether or not the American woman who doesn't play bridge in the afternoons will take them up is too much to guess.

Blouses are perfectly dandy. The most amusing ones do not tuck in, neither do they descend very much below the normal waistline, except as an irregularity. They cling closely to the natural waist, and have many, many whimsies about collars.

Examples of a great number of the highlights mentioned above may be found at Bonwit Teller, where they have a particular knack with rather dressy clothes of the afternoon type that is smart as well as luxurious.

I WAS so enraptured by a Chanel evening dress to be seen at Wanamaker's Coin de Paris that it was all I could do to look at anything else. This is of pale pink lace, with a plain shoulder-strap décolletage, a very high and very tight belt, and a skirt composed of lace ruffles that definitely outlined the hips, narrowed again around the knees, and terminated in a swirl of ruffles that seem tight around the ankles, but in reality give plenty of leeway for refined dancing. For a minute you feel as if you were in a boudoir, or a costume party dedicated to the eighteen-thirties, but you suddenly realize that it is of this year, and must be worn by those who can dare it.

Patou's model, Amour Amour, will show you his typical lines for evening this season. The neckline is highish and square, there is a belt around the normal waist, and the skirt descends almost to the floor. In back, there are a low décolletage and a slight train. At first glance, his frocks of this type seem easy to do—straight sheaths

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A square-shouldered, hip-hugging garment of marked English inspiration, subtly tailored in fine woolens and presented at an attractive price.

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WHERE SUMMER LINGERS

AND WHO CAN BLAME IT ? ---

WHAT do you say to another swim, another round of golf, another taste of summer? Come and take it now at the "Cavalier."

If old Winter has hung his red warning on your trees, give him the slip and come where summer lingers. Easily accessible. Fine motor roads. Through Pullman, New York to the "Cavalier" grounds. By steamer from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Providence. Complete information and descriptive literature upon request.

C. V. DELAHUNT
Managing Director

THE CAVALIER

VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA

Jay-Thorpe

"counterpoint"

A shallow cap of black silk velvet ribbon with envelope folds slanted down cleverly into points on each side of the face . . . set in subtle counterpoint—to each other and to the sweeping curve above the brows. A becoming cap, new, spirited . . . yet soft! A Jay-Thorpe design, and Jay-Thorpe milliners make it beautifully. 28.00

Jay-Thorpe
24 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH ST.

belted in—and then you realize how much molding goes on through the waistline and hips in his clothes. There is no getting around the fact that they do make you look bigger, for a definite break at the normal waist, strengthened by a belt, does emphasize the curve of the hips, but the serene, almost Grecian simplicity of effect is well worth striving for.

Vionnet, who molds her evening clothes in a princesse fashion, expresses herself here in a dress of a pheasant-crange brown satin, draping upward to the hip on one side and outlining the body very definitely through the middle.

Boulanger is represented by a gracious dress of printed chiffon overlaid with gold threads, this having a soft neckline very high in front, an almost medieval snugness to a point below the hips, and soft gathered fullness to the ankles below this. Panties of the same fabric appear beneath the costume.

OTHER WANAMAKER THRILLS: Remembering how hot and heavy tweed skirts seem once you get inside the house, Molyneux has constructed a sort of box-pleated long-waisted dress of silk crêpe. Over this, wrapping around very low, goes a detachable tweed skirt to match the jacket. Very nice. . . . Chanel's black jersey, with a belt starting at each side of the front panel at the normal waistline, circular in the skirt and decorated with white piqué collars and cuffs in zigzag pointed style, should delight the soul of the women who must have simple little frocks like this to dash around in all day. . . . There is a marvellous evening jacket from Lanvin of hard gold lamé, with enormous puffed sleeves, gored in at the normal waistline and flaring stiffly below it in back and, in front, wrapping way around. A high fur collar accompanies this. . . . Renée, who, with Molyneux, refuses to change her style radically, contributes a divine evening dress of frail brown lace, with a moderate waistline and a complicated system of flounces starting below the hips. . . . And look at Lelong's evening gown of black velvet in a classic style, of a moderate length in front and very long in the back.

THE collection now being shown in the Salon Moderne at Saks-Fifth Avenue is distinguished particularly for its presentation of the new modes in their most gracious and least flashy mood. Classic simplicity of line

Jay-Thorpe

"pinwheel"

Double-face satin ribbon—sleek and heavy in the hand—banded smoothly across the brow in the new high-arched line . . . One of what Vogue calls the new "Charm School" of hats! A soft cap of flattering outline . . . with two pinwheels of ribbon to accentuate the delicate modelling of the cheeks . . . Made to your order. 28.00

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Gives
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Rug
That Feeling of
Luxurious Softness
YOU notice it the moment you step into the room! An all-enveloping sense of quiet elegance and ease. The rug gives beneath your feet with the responsive yielding of deep, rich pile. Yet it may be but a simple domestic rug laid over an Ozite Cushion!
This wonderful Ozite Cushion which lends such velvety softness, is really a fine thin hair mattress for your carpet. By protecting the fabric it also adds vastly to the wear. Unbelievable as it sounds—Ozite will actually make your rugs wear three times as long!
Ozite Rug Cushion is sold and recommended in all stores selling floor coverings. Dark brown, with orange binding imprinted "Ozite" and marked like a waffle, in squares. The name Ozite comes from the patented process used in sterilizing the washed hair with ozone, the very foundation of Ozite quality—which cannot be imitated. Prove Ozite in your own home; it is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction.
The standard rug and carpet cushion in Europe, Canada, and the United States
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and glorification of the normal figure, achieved by the most intricate art, are stressed here. There are numbers of Patou evening dresses, all of them long, slim—sometimes with trains, or a slight suggestion of them—molded through the body, and having the deepest of décolletages in back. (One dress is not only cut down to the waistline, but has an aperture below that exposes two more square inches—which should be a blow to lingerie manufacturers.) The best are in velvets and simple crêpes. Vionnet produces a divine black velvet evening gown, with drapery from the waist downward in front so managed that it is flattering to the figure. In back there is a diagonal décolletage with a shoulder-strap on one side. Just one of those things. She also does a classic dress of sheer powder-blue crêpe with crossed-strap effects outlining the normal waistline, and a scarf effect at the neck that is simple and entirely right. Irene Dana, who has a whimsical turn, does a dress of that heavy mesh in dahlia tones, with little puffed sleeves precariously attached to the shoulder-straps of the décolletage. And do look at a red lace dress from Chanel having a gathered ruffle from the waistline to the knees, and another ruffle starting at the knees and extending down to the ankles; at a scarf evening dress by Mirande in pale green crêpe Roma; and at a velveteen coat from Chanel—simple, belted at the normal waistline, and having a little cape in back that may be crushed into a deep collar.

Even if you don't go in for refined teas and ladies' luncheons, you certainly care for dinner, theatre, or Sunday-evening dresses of an elaborate but not evening character. Look at a lamé gown from Patou, molded all in through the waistline and adorned only by the beauty of the fabric; at Paray's panne-velvet dress with sleeves, all shirred from the normal waistline upward in front; and at models from Lanvin and Mirande that go in for sleeves elaborate with metal applications. —L. L.

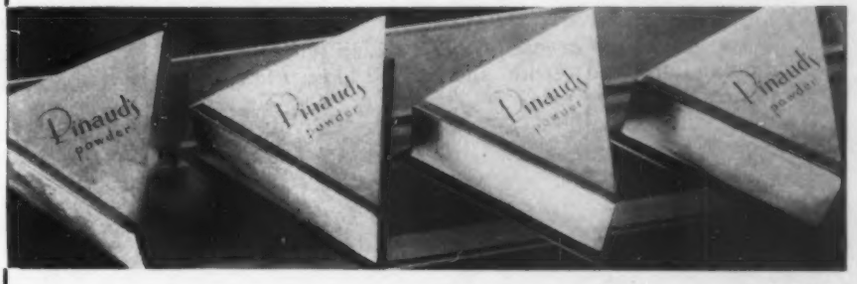
ABOUT THE HOUSE

Gardens in the Air—Perpetuated Pekes — Stray Decorative Tidbits

ALTHOUGH I should have said, offhand, that this was no time of year to be thinking about roof gardens, it now appears I am wrong. I have it on good authority that a large portion

Now at $1. — an exquisite new package of that amazing new powder by Pinaud

A glittering modern triangle of silver—this new package! Charming companion of the now-famous black box in which Pinaud's Powder was first introduced to an applauding world! And though no price would be too high to pay for the incredible loveliness it imparts . . . though to blend it so exquisitely, so accurately, costs ten times as much as ordinary powders . . . Pinaud offers you this new package at one dollar! The sensation of the summer in Biarritz . . . the delight of exacting New York . . .



Pinaud's Powder is *blended with scientific accuracy for your individual type of skin!* . . . Two types: one for the skin inclined to oiliness, one for the skin inclined to dryness. At the first touch of your puff it imparts—not just an obvious powder-coating, but an exquisite invisible film . . . so clinging, so enchantingly a part of *you*, you will never want any other powder to touch your cheek . . . six flattering shades. At your favorite shop today, ask for

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Somewhere in the hills back of Mount Kisco, there's a pretty little fox sitting down to supper with the folks as usual, just because Sanford P. Heller showed up at the last Meeting in the wrong horse-hat. The MFH *has had a pink slip attached to all fixture-cards requesting novices hereafter to go first to* KNOX, *The Hatter. Mounts and hounds can't go on laughing indefinitely . . . after all, the world has its work to do.*

For your convenience, there's a Knox store at each of these addresses:

452 *Fifth Avenue* (at 40th)
161 *Broadway* (Singer Building)

711 *Fifth Avenue* (at 55th)
Roosevelt Hotel (Madison at 45th)
Paramount Building (Broadway at 44th)

of the city's populace comes back from hill and dale only to pine for a bit of nature in which to read the Sunday papers. Also that this fact keeps Potash-Marl, Inc., pretty busy taking charge of the decorations on the annual crop of newly erected roof terraces. They do it nicely and thoroughly, from plans to furniture, floors, fountains, fences, and planting. You simply show them that blank paved area outside your living-room windows, and in no time at all you find it blooming with the rose (or, autumn being what it is, with the aster and chrysanthemum) and fitted out with willow chairs and lounges upholstered in carefully waterproofed fabrics. For estimates and consultations, call Lexington 4902. The offices are at 15 East Fortieth Street.

ALL ladies with longings to see their prizewinning Pekes perpetuated in bronze should know about the General Bronze Corporation, at 480 Hancock Street, Long Island City—just across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. These people will make a cast of practically anything for you: the young heir's head, your favorite mount (in paperweight size), very swanky nameplates in your own handwriting, choice numerals for that suburban homestead, gates and grilles with your coat of arms—really anything at all. Telephone, Astoria 5500.

USING one's own sometimes reliable emotions as a barometer, one judges that a few broad hints on where to pick up small pieces of decoration might be welcome at this point.

Altman's latest idea in this field is big, wildly colored blown-glass animals —leaping rabbits, all kinds of cats, elephants, giraffes, and occasional hybrids —in just about the size to top off skyscraper bookshelves and things. Very, very fantastic, highly comic, and not too expensive; they range around the neighborhood of four and five dollars.

Then, The Kraftwoven Shop, 41 West Eighth Street, has imported some new Swiss wood carvings by the same peasants who make those colored Swiss-villager figures now found all over town. The new ones are animals—dogs, foxes, and one elegant monkey. The dogs are in natural wood; the foxes are stained in appropriate colors; so is the monkey. In addition to these the shop has a pair of large heads done in the same technique—evidently modelled from an old peasant couple who have

FOR FALL LEASING . . . a few suites are still available at the St. Regis . . . where Fifth Avenue's activity is smartest. Each is serviced by its own full call-button service and floor secretary. Each is appointed as the Avenue home which it is. And each is secluded in the long-cherished graciousness of the St. Regis. Inspection invited.

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Click — click; click — click ... surely, precisely, neatly the Gofskor keeps tabs on your game. Press the stem after each stroke — the totals for the hole and match mount automatically on separate faces of the dial. A touch of one side knob shifts the recording as you progress from hole to hole. No chance for error!... Arguments gone!... And gone too, those mussy score-cards and chewed pencil stubs.

Your dealer will proudly display for you the smart range of Gofskor models. The selection is complete from Chromium Plate to Platinum—at prices from $12.50 to $125.00. And every one is guaranteed for a year. Why not select one today!

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Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., Inc.
Cartier, Inc. *Abercrombie & Fitch Co.*
Mark Cross Co. *F. R. Tripler & Co.*
and all high grade jewelry, sport and department stores

THIS

GOFSKOR

"The Golfer's Secretary"

lived so long together they look like twins. The quality of these heads is something to marvel at; they grow on you tremendously. The pair costs considerably more than the small pieces—$100 for the two, or $50 apiece, and I hope somebody I know buys them.

Other decorative wonders are to be found in Macy's Corner Shop. Everything here, as you must know, is either genuinely old or an excellent reproduction. One of those fifteen-pointed star lanterns, copied from an old Italian one, costs $9.94; wiring it for electricity and attaching a bronze chain and ceiling fixture brings the price to $15.89. It's not too large—a good small size for hall and foyer, which makes it really extraordinary. Also present are tables heaped with old flower prints in wide maple frames; $6.94 is an average price. Historic wax silhouettes under glass are framed in the same manner, with Lord Nelson a favorite; hero-worshippers please note. There are lots of old and more recent fire-irons, with some good separate pieces among them—this being a fact of importance, as anyone can tell you who has tried to buy a single poker or pair of tongs without having to pay for the unwanted rest of the set. The Shop is also able to show you any number of small furniture pieces, some old and some copies, but all with that well-rubbed look, and all at prices like $59.74 for an old French poudreuse, or maybe it was a reproduction.

In the uptown reaches, Miss Harriet Johnson's shop at 1055 Madison Avenue is simply overflowing with old boxes, china, glass, furniture, and tidbits for collectors. You might just as well go prepared to spend the day, because you generally do once you get inside. For an afternoon of thorough-going browsing, I haven't found the like of this place outside a museum.

DIGRESSION IN A GOOD CAUSE: Having searched diligently in every possible odd corner, as well as in the more obvious places, for a Tuxedo sofa that doesn't have that overstuffed look, where should I find it but sitting in the furniture department at Mr. Macy's market—all equipped with down cushions, long, graceful lines, and upholstery in Padova cloth, a pleasant sort of soft fabric with a slight sheen and not a trace of pile to it, bless its heart. The six-foot size costs $239. If you too happen to have spent the summer looking for a sofa that answers this description, that's where it's to be found. —B. B.

Almost 1/4

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"...because you love nice things"

The
"Suntan" Singlette!

An adorable foundation for your Fall frocks for you can't see where the suntanned skin meets the suntan Singlette! Its tones are so fused and graduated that—from skin to stocking top—the result is a melodious blend from pale nude to deep beach tan. No. 9866—ask for it at good stores, along the Avenue and elsewhere.

VAN RAALTE
Singlettes

VAN RAALTE CO., 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

MOTORS

The Tire Market—
Bulgeless Buicks—
Chrysler Numerology

SKEPTICAL as we usually are after a shopping tour, we are able to report, with a bright face, that tires this year are less expensive than they ever have been in our memory. So, after consulting our own experience and that of others, we recommend buying only standard makes—Kelly, Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, United States, and the like. In the past, persuasive salesmen and fire-sales stores have lured us with lower-priced unknown names, to our sorrow. We feel snugger riding on well-known labels—and this year any saving possible by choosing unfamiliar makes is negligible.

We also feel that four-ply cords (which cost less) are about as good as six-ply for the city. The six-ply is said to give less puncture trouble, but we have found that a determined nail doesn't mind an extra ply or two.

BUICK has dieted. The new model presents an outline reminiscent of last year's, but is slim. Its length is greater, indicating that the tendency of recent years toward a shorter wheelbase has about run its course. The interiors are distinctly American; there has been no attempt to be fussy. Buick's designers have concentrated on sound conventions and comforts. The instrument panel, for example, is a simple black affair with circular dials and a broad nickel border. All upholstery is in plain colors, and the woodwork is free from chiaroscuro.

The makers have included a number of items usually found only in higher-priced cars—a double windshield-wiper, a telephone from tonneau to driver's seat (perilous invention!), all-wool carpets, and dome and corner lights which snap on whenever a door is opened. Dowagers who are always perturbed about drafts can rest secure in the knowledge that the doors have weatherstrips, and that the holes for pedals are snugly jacketed. To avoid glare the glass of the windshield is tilted at an angle that will deflect the rays of the sun. And the prices range from $1,225 to $2,310 in New York. All in all, we regard these 1930 models

VIVA VOCE

The news that the New Series Stutz and Blackhawk represent values hitherto thought impossible is spreading among the motor-wise by word of mouth with the rapidity of a juicy bit of gossip.

Doubtless some good friend has already told you that Europe's costliest motors offer no greater luxury, comfort and distinction than these two criterion cars—that the aristocratic individuality of their hand-crafted bodies by Weymann, and Hibbard and Darrin of Paris, Le Baron, Derham and Stutz strike a rich new note in motor car smartness—that ten other cars combined cannot duplicate all the advanced engineering features embodied in both these cars—and that Stutz and Blackhawk continue to be alone in offering many major improvements in performance-with-safety—at prices now reduced as much as $700.

You have only to drop in, or 'phone Columbus 7070 for a demonstration, to discover how modest these praises are. Why not today?

New Series Stutz
***Now* $2775 to $10,800**
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The Park Central
55th Street at 7th Ave.

as Buick's most effective presentation—suave, comfortable, tasteful.

REO's new gear box has been included on all the Master Flying Clouds made since August 30. This affair has a high-speed second gear that can be used up to 40 miles an hour and is silent. It would be especially valuable, we feel, for mountain touring, where the steep grades require second-gear driving; and in heavy traffic, when a quick pickup is needed. The device, though built into the new models, can be purchased and applied to the 1929 Flying Clouds.

THE largest and the middle-sized new Chryslers now have four forward speeds. The theory is that you can get more mileage for the same turnover of the engine. That means less wear and tear, and less consumption of gasoline. These cars also have the decarbonizer which was formerly only on the Chrysler Imperial; and all the new models are faster than their predecessors, and more alert.

Incidentally, we have at last mastered the new Chrysler names: The "66" replaces the "65" and sells for less than $1,000 at the factory. The "70" and the "77" replace the former "75;" the first is somewhat smaller and the second a bit longer. Model numbers are now carried above the crossbar between the headlamps.

Another original touch is to be found in the placing of the roadsters' parking lights on brackets attached to the windshield posts. The parking lamp at the rear of the roadsters is mounted on a post, looking benignly at the cars behind. On the sedans the lights are placed on brackets high up, right at each end of the windshield visor. In the "77" model, the ventilating slits in the hood have been patterned like wings; and all models now have a long rectangular panel in the apron above the running-boards. And Cartier has designed their hardware. Things like that count.

The bodies are simple. Moldings run straight from stem to stern, while in the sedans a thin nickel-plated belt encircles the body next to the molding. The radiator shells are narrow and of nickel finish; the wings of the radiator caps are modest. Also, the entire structures are lower (without reducing the clearance), owing to the use of a double-dropped frame. These Chryslers have the very modern dignity and style that comes from cool restraint.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

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"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"... a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

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Girls.....

Well, here we are back in town - - - pajamas, bathing suits and all!

BEEN hearing about BOST all Summer, from Bar Harbor to Atlantic City! It's the real debutante of the season. Dainty as a rose, in its jade and coral tube—and as popular with the men as a venturesome young widow.

To taste it means to love it!

At the week-end parties down on the Island, I expect to see no end of "handkerchief test" contests this Fall—the smart new game for prettily puckered lips.

If you smoke—but how ridiculous! Everybody does! That's what gives BOST its marvelous boost.

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THE ART GALLERIES

On the College Circuit—
The Moderns Get a Home

THE College Art Association recently borrowed a gallery for a day, in order to give New York a brief informal view of the first exhibition of local talent to take to the road. There have been other adventures similar to this in plan, but none, so far, with the same type of wares. This group is interested in selling pictures by the young men and women who are loosely called modern, and who are certainly contemporary. The travelling exhibits, each consisting of about fifty paintings and an equal number of prints and small bronzes, will visit forty-eight colleges, and an effort will be made to arouse the interest of the undergraduates. The prices will be as low as possible, for no commissions are charged.

THIS is all welcome news to us, as it follows a plan we have long been nursing and trying to sell, or give away, to department stores and philanthropists. However, we fear that New York University, which is sponsoring the plan, has something to learn; and in all modesty we think it may learn from us. Having talked on art in Muskegon, on a February Sunday when the thermometer was twenty below, and having tried to compete with a basketball game in a gym at Manhattan College, in Kansas, we have a scar or two that represents some knowledge. We would not send the shows forth without the most intelligent and liberal ballyhoo men in the world, and we would never stage them in any part of a college or university. We would prefer a livery stable or garage to a hall of learning; and we would arm our spielers, and order them to use their judgment if anyone talked of significant form or dynamic symmetry. Since, however, we are not expecting the millennium yet, the travelling exhibits go a long way to satisfy our dreams. It is an intelligent start in the one right direction—selling pictures to the average man.

The list of contributors puts heart into those who believe there is as much fun to be had from the works of liv-

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ing painters as from dead names. Fifty contemporaries are in the group. Some of the more established jostle the pioneers, but there is a good balance. Here are a few who will shock the forty-eight faculties and send giggles through the classes studying the soul of Della Robbia. Benton is here, with Branchard, Burkhard, du Bois, Fiene, Friedman, Graham, Hassam, Kuniyoshi, Lachaise, Lahey, Orozco, Schnakenberg, Pach, and Mangravite. Some we might not have invited on the party, but it is not our show. Bon voyage, and may you come back not too cynical.

ANOTHER important event was the formal announcement that a new museum has been founded. Whatever we may think of the affair, the Museum of Modern Art starts with the soundest backing. We doubt if anyone will dispute the high position Miss Lizzie Bliss occupies in this country as a sponsor of modern art. Associated with her as organizers are Mrs. W. Murray Crane, Professor Paul J. Sachs, Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. Frank Crowninshield, and Mr. A. Conger Goodyear. The museum will open next month on the twelfth floor of the Heckscher Building with a show of the best French. It hopes to stage at least twenty exhibits during the next two years and may be able to work in a few sideshows from time to time. This should fill the great gap left by the lethargy, or stupidity, of the Metropolitan, and should give the city as intelligent an impression of contemporary trends as is enjoyed by London and Paris. It will have to make fast progress, however, to raise us to Chicago's level, for Chicago has two magnificent modern rooms. Anyway,

• •

New York is to have a place where it can go and enjoy the good recent pictures without having to snatch at them from time to time as they appear in the various charity shows. We hope that opportunity will present itself for a showing of Miss Bliss' collection and the entire group owned by the Dales.

ALONG with the announcement of its formation, the Museum of Modern Art for some unexplained reason ineptly tried to throw a little whitewash over the Metropolitan. With rather loose logic and worse facts, the statement tried to exonerate the Metropolitan's noble efforts to die in its tracks. Granted that it lacks the courage to take a tilt with time, and prefers to wait for the judgment of the centuries, that does not stop the Metropolitan from showing the modern art that it acquires as a gift. What, by the way, has become of the Havemeyer collection?

We hate to bring that up, but we feel it is pertinent. If the new museum is to be just another place where the right people lightly bestow a sacred accolade upon the shoulders of Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Renoir, we must curb our enthusiasm. Somewhere, some place in America there must be a group that will do for our local Van Goghs now what the collectors are glad to do over their teacups forty years later. Stieglitz once tried to sell New Yorkers Cézannes for twenty-four dollars each. He is not among the directors of the new museum. —M. P.

•

LEDA

"I'll keep my sin to myself," she said.
"I'll keep it shut in my own tight head,
And tongues won't click and tongues won't clack,
Nor fingers be pointed behind my back."

But what could she do when the girl-child came?
She tossed her head, and gave her a name
Of brightness — "Helen" — Jupiter's daughter
With hair spun-gold and a voice like water!

Leda, mother of Helen of Troy,
Sometimes wished she had borne a boy,
For old tongues waggled and old tongues hissed
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—FRANCES M. FROST

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THE URGE TO MERGE

THE mating season is here again and the Chase is on. That is to say, the National Park Bank and the Chase Ditto Ditto have succumbed to the urge to merge and are now as one. As a customer, my only complaint is one which would apply to any such merger. They have been going on at a great rate and all quite without fitting ceremonies—no decent regard for the customers' finer feelings. I am an old National Park girl myself and while I believe the Chase National is a perfectly nice bank and am confident they will be happy together, it does seem that when such a union takes place there ought to be more than an exchange of announcements and greeting cards.

Personally, I don't believe it would have been too much to have had organ music and a choir, or at least an "Oh, Promise Me." I have always been partial to the Lohengrin Wedding March, and believe it would have been quite appropriate for the occasion upon which the blushing National Park changed its name to Chase. Since "the respective Boards of Directors," who are doubtless respectable also, recommended the match and it was furthermore "approved by the stockholders," there was no reason whatever why there shouldn't have been a nice little service. They didn't elope. They didn't *have* to do it. It was all a perfectly reputable outcome of an honest and upright friendship.

There was no need to do it so quietly, as just announcing that the merger would be effective at the close of business, Saturday, August 24, 1929. Not that any of us old members of the National Park clan would have wanted anything showy. Not at all. But we should have liked music and flowers and satin ribbons, and—yes, to be perfectly frank—a few presents.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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JOURNALISM STUDENT

This speakeasy is a shrine:
Here O. Henry used to dine.
Perhaps we also may be able
To write, if we can find his table.

—MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

•

PRACTICAL USES FOR TILE SEWER PIPE. A decorated sewer pipe provided with a concrete base makes an attractive umbrella stand.—*Science and Invention.*

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"NOT that I'm affecting the tall chapeau, but really, one's social position in Manhattan often depends upon something far less satisfying than a place where one and one's friends can perch of a drowsy summer day or a moonlight night, overlooking the Hudson high above the roar of traffic, and almost be on speaking terms with the man in the moon! As a woman, you'll understand."

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THE RACE TRACK

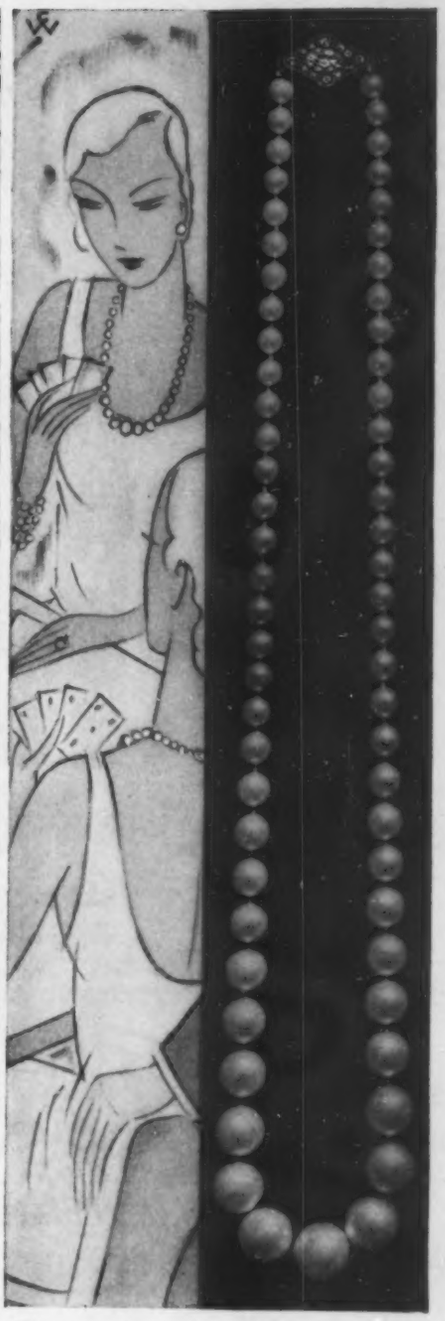
A Futurity Is Won—And Belmont Park Closes—"Hurry Home"—Added Starters—No Sale

AQUEDUCT has brought us to earth with something of a thud after a fortnight of high feasting at Belmont Park, and now we shall settle down for the run of autumn racing.

The winning smile of popular imagination was worn in actuality by Joe Widener as he surveyed the crowd at Belmont on Futurity Day, and I'm quite sure he was as pleased over our having seen one of the best days of racing this season as he was over the pleasant surprise his Arc Light gave him by winning the Grand National Steeplechase. I don't remember when the Turf and Field Club enclosure was more crowded; and under the stand, where the collectors of autographs sit, we were tightly jammed and jostled horribly, though one took it good-naturedly when waistcoat buttons got in the way of elbows.

AT the moment, the victory of Whichone in the Futurity dwarfs everything else. He defeated with comparative ease, and by three lengths, the best two-year-olds in training, his more favored stablemate, Boojum, finishing fourth. There is no doubt now which is the better colt. We shall not see Whichone under colors on the Jockey Club tracks again this season, as his remaining engagements will be in Maryland, and he will, no doubt, win them all. As I wrote in these notes after he won the Saratoga Special, he is the best two-year-old we have seen in years. Boojum, I think, clearly demonstrated that he is not a stayer—but he is a fast horse.

BOTH colts stripped splendidly in the paddock before the race. They had the bloom of a well-trained horse. Nothing seemed to upset them, and as the crowd milled around their heels, neither turned a hair. It was easy to see which was the favored one. Young Rowe and Marshall fussed around Boojum, while Whichone was left to Freddy Hopkins, who gave



OTHER than genuine pearls there are two kinds . . . imitations and the authentic Richelieu Reproductions. Richelieu Pearls duplicate exactly the lustre and iridescence of the finest Oriental Pearls. They are perfectly matched for graduation, color, and texture. In fact, so amazingly like the genuine, that it takes an expert to tell the difference. $500 to $5. Jeweled clasps to match, if desired.

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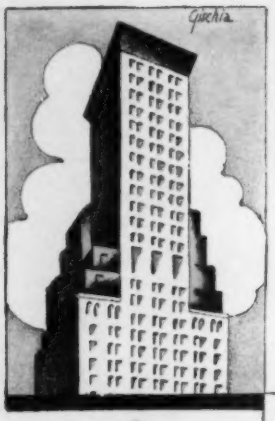

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Workman the leg up. Each of the seventeen runners for the Futurity had his gallery, but there was one ten deep around Whichone and Boojum. Harry Whitney saw them saddled, and as the bugle blew he said to Burke and Workman: "You two boys know how to ride. I'm not giving you any instructions except—hurry home."

I SAW the running of the Futurity from the roof of the stand, about the same place where I stood five years ago and watched Mother Goose, Whichone's sister, win in a field of twenty-nine. Right from the rising of the barrier Boojum opened out a clear lead, and under his impost of 130 pounds he gave his last ounce. Whichone raced straight and true along the rails, and I doubt if he swerved a foot throughout. At the quarter pole the roar from the stands became subdued, and in the breathless seconds that followed the thought uppermost was: would Boojum last to beat Whichone? A furlong farther and Boojum began swerving across the track as Whichone, arriving on the scene, swept on in splendid isolation and Hi-Jack and Gallant Fox detached themselves from the pack at their heels. Boojum was fourth, beaten by two noses, but the race was rich enough—$105,730 to the winner, Harry Whitney receiving an additional $3,000 for nominating the dam of the winner.

ADDED starters are a nuisance. They pop up at the most unexpected moments and put one at sea. Since the post positions have been drawn for the night before, owners and trainers have been making a practice of adding horses to gain what advantage they could by the animals' being placed on the outside of a big field. For that reason six colts were added for the Futurity. While the Jockey Club cannot interfere with the rights of the nominator for a stake, it seems to me the practice could well be curbed.

JOLLY ROGER is getting old. Twice winner of the Grand National Steeplechase, he was forced to be satisfied with third money. And he would not have earned that had not Pete Bostwick pulled up William du Pont, Jr.'s, Ruler when that horse was beaten two furlongs from home. Pete was reprimanded by the stewards. Ruler and Fairfield had raced head and head for nearly two miles, and as a

result Arc Light ran over them both. That's how 100–1 shots win.

THE Wheatley Stable's Diavolo seems to be the best of our pitifully few stayers. As a result of his six lengths' victory in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Mrs. H. C. Phipps and her brother, Ogden Mills, will share the trophy. I don't know whether she will have it one month and then let her brother put it on his sideboard the next, or whether they will flip a coin for it and the Saratoga Cup. These trophies are a problem.

APROPOS of trophies, Joe Widener added one to the Futurity that was the most attractive I've seen. It is a gold medal set on an onyx base. On one side the name of the horse, rider, and number of starters will be engraved, and on the other will be a bas-relief of the winner.

THE Whitney horses always bring high prices, and their owner is no mean salesman. He missed one sale in a way that left John Madden speechless. Just before the running of the Lawrence Realization Stakes, Herbert Swope asked a price on Beacon Hill. Whitney set it at $80,000. Swope countered with an offer of $50,000 cash and the Realization purse, worth more than $31,000, if Beacon Hill won. Whitney declined, and the deal was off. Later Louis Beard told Swope that if he had offered $50,000 cash, half the Realization purse, and half of Beacon Hill's remaining stake winnings, he would have bought a horse. Beacon Hill finished third. Who was lucky?

FUTURITY FRAGMENTS: Louis Beard fulfilling the pleasant custom of leading in the Futurity winner. . . . The small boys in the paddock climbing trees to see Whichone and Boojum. . . . The public obeying the "Keep Off" signs around the garden in the infield. . . . The West Point cadets in full dress. . . . John Sanford looking for more jumpers. . . . The unusual race-track sight of Harry Whitney carrying a stick. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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POLO

The Hurricanes—Mr. Sanford and Jupiter—On the Picket Line

THERE have been few polo tournaments more strange than the one for the Open Championship, which ended last Saturday at the Meadow Brook Club. In not one of the games played did the result coincide with the expectations of those who came to sit in the stands. Some ten thousand went to the final game believing, regretfully, that it would be a walkaway for the Sands Point side; the Hurricanes, it was generally acknowledged, simply hadn't been able to get going.

The spectators remained to watch the pitied Hurricanes perform the interesting and somewhat novel feat of running Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., ragged. They also saw the Hurricanes turn in as fine and polished a game of polo as this or any other season has seen. The rippling, stylish polo put on by all four members of the winning side, Sanford, Roark, Webb, and Strawbridge, was one of the prettiest sights the sport has offered in years. There have been few such perfectly earned triumphs in our championships.

It all went to show that there is danger in summarily relegating elderly gentlemen to the background. J. Watson Webb and his left-handed stroking have been potent factors in polo for twenty years. Judging by this game, they still are powerful. This tall, lean horseman has always bothered Hitchcock. Hitchcock has met many men in his day; he has had his greatest trouble with Webb. Sands Point, relying heavily on its ten-goal captain, became lost when Hitchcock was jarred in the perfect rhythm of his play.

THE result was encouraging to those who still feel that horsemanship matters in polo. Webb and Captain Roark are, perhaps, the two greatest horsemen playing today, and they used their mastery to perfection in upsetting Sands Point.

Incidentally, if England finds some aggressive young men to play with Roark, perhaps that 1930 expedition

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will not be such a hopeless one after all.

POLO ponies and race horses have more in common than the mere fact that both are bred primarily for speed. The polo mount shares with his pampered brother the privilege of being expensive, and of offering, at times, nothing in return but disappointment. You may remember that over $276,000 went to South America last season in exchange for the famous Argentine string.

Of the lot, the most discussed pony was the $22,000 chestnut gelding, Jupiter, that Lewis Lacey sold to Mr. John Sanford for his son Laddie. There had never been such a price paid for a polo pony, and there probably won't be again in some years. After that amazing bid Laddie almost forcibly removed his father from the auction ring; as he went out Mr. Sanford could be heard explaining somewhat plaintively, "I would rather have you play that pony than any other one I ever saw."

Well, there has been great difference of opinion over Jupiter. There are those who say he is really not so much of a mount. Laddie has played him successfully, but not with happy results every time. To my mind, however, under Bobby Strawbridge, back of the Hurricanes, the big, handsome-going chestnut was a stirring sight.

THE three most beautiful mares of the Argentine string figured pathetically in the sale, and in subsequent developments. I remember Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran coming to the Mitchel Field stables weeks before the auction and asking Tommy Nelson, pony manager, to show him the best in the string; a light came into the old gentleman's eyes when Adela, Perinola, and Estrella were singled out. Nelson showed just a touch of indignation when the visitor said he didn't play any longer, he just wanted these mounts because they were beautiful. Mr. Cochran got them, for $41,000, but with winter came a fatal illness, so, sensing the end, he announced the sale of his ponies, and they went to Harold E. Talbott, Jr. Certainly Talbott has made good use of them.

Others have done nicely. Jock Whitney's improved game has been helped a good deal by such mounts as Galgo, who carried Jack Nelson in 1928, and the spectacular, dappled Madre Selva, who was once ridden by

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IF you are tired of sitting in the grandstand, you might try the picket line for a period or so. It is here that the real polo fanatic watches games when he isn't playing. Harry Payne Whitney never had any use for boxes at the International matches. He stayed with the horses.

It is possible to learn quite a bit of polo here. You may, if you wish, listen to the grooms' decidedly frank opinions on the playing abilities of men and mounts, or you can hear various players, on the ground that day, discussing the game solely from the standpoint of horses. So far as these people are concerned, only the horses are playing. You can see Earle W. Hopping watching his son come in between periods, and hear him criticize the boy for changing to a somewhat smaller pony, because that might throw his hitting off. Or you can see Thomas Hitchcock, Sr., in conference with his son, again about ponies; and you can watch the frankly delighted grin on Gerry Balding's face as he brings in a new Harriman mare after a period and calls, "Didn't she play well, Averell?"

DO YOU KNOW: That this week may see the best game of the season, in the Waterbury Cup final. . . . That only one member of last year's winning Meadow Brook team played in this year's Open, and he was defeated in the semi-finals. . . . That Sands Point eliminated Winston Guest along with the Greentree team. . . . That the car escorted by motorcycles, which may have passed you on your way to last Saturday's game, was not Mayor Walker's or visiting royalty's. It held Miss Case of the Polo Association, carrying the old English silver bowls down from Cartier for the winners. . . . And that Ambrose Clark's coach hasn't been out yet but very probably will be on hand for the Pony Show this Saturday? —MARTINGALE

•

THREE CADIZ MEN PROSTRATED BY HEAT, FARMERS JUBILANT—*Headline in the Keene (N. H.) Sentinel.*

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with Paul Cavanaugh—Phoebe Foster
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LOEW'S LEXINGTON
Sept. 21, 22, 23: "OUR MODERN MAIDENS" with Joan Crawford; Sept. 24, 25: All talking, "Pleasure Crazed"; Sept. 26, 27: JEANNE EAGELS in "Jealousy" all talking; Sept. 28, 29, 30: "SPEEDWAY" with William Haines
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Unhappy Love—Herr von Stroheim Gets Submerged—Lesser Doings

"JEALOUSY" is a tight little triangle drama, reminding us that the emotion named in the title is fatal to the happy course of love, and that it may even lead to murder. As a play it was, I believe, a success in France, and somewhat of a success in New York. As a talking picture it is raised to the ranks of especial interest only because of the presence of Jeanne Eagels in its cast. Jeanne Eagels, of course, could read Mrs. Rorer's cookbook and hold an audience absorbed and entranced with her interpretations.

NOT that there is nothing more intrinsically interesting in this play than in the concoction of custards. Without Miss Eagels, though, it would seem a thin affair. The trouble with the story is that it harps too much on the major theme of the plot. Nothing seems to be given of the love story except jealousy. We are not allowed any glimpse of the happiness of the young lovers. They only nag or are suspicious. We begin to wonder why they bother about an affair that holds nothing else in it for them. Much of the blame for this seems to lie on the young man, who appears to be such a dolt, at least until the tragic climax, that one hopes the poor girl will get over her unfortunate predilection and go back to her elderly, urbane, and cold-hearted ex-protector.

This very dull young man is a poverty-stricken artist who is quite willing to be helped along by the beautiful young lady who adores him, and who owes her own affluence to an elderly patron described as her guardian. As often happens with characters in the movies, the artist is a victim of a blind spot. No kind friend tells him the truth about his beloved's earlier life; he hears no gossip about her; he is only vaguely jealous of the millionaire until the crash comes after the marriage, when the shock drives him to murder. Even at this point the lady

"a girl's best friend

is her mother, in certain instances," said the clever cinema customer, "but more often it is he who takes her to

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the rivoli— united artists

is paramount's "dance of life" — "burlesque," of course; hal skelly hoofing it down the primrose path with nancy carroll tripping after . . . after tripping

the rialto

is "bulldog drummond", not an animal act or an eli festival, just ronald colman speaking for samuel goldwyn; his bark is as good as his bite

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Too often too many foods, while boiling, sing flavors' *swan song*, "Merrily we boil away, boil away, boil away." And when flavors boil away—what price appetite? But hold—have your cook cook flavor *into* food. Flavor?—yea, that same divine taste-affinity eulogized by poets, philosophers, soldiers, *gourmets* since Epicurus, B. C. Cooking wine!

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would stand by him, shifting the guilt, if possible, to another man; but with the only strength he shows, the young artist refuses this escape and calls the police himself, ending the play with: "I did it—motive, jealousy."

IF "The Great Gabbo," at the Selwyn, had only managed to have an ending as effective as that of "Jealousy," it would be a good picture. A strong climax might have saved it, and erased from one's mind impressions of the long stretches of tiresome, mediocre musical numbers which pad it out. It has an interesting idea, from a Ben Hecht story: a ventriloquist who expresses his more sensitive feelings only through his dummy. Erich von Stroheim plays this Great Gabbo, the stupid unbalanced German with his grotesque little wooden "Otto;" but the story is taken away from him when he achieves success in the "Follies," and instead of von Stroheim we are given long interludes (in color) of revue bits which submerge the tale and make of the film little more than a very ordinary musical comedy.

THE first of that long series of pictures which we may expect to follow the triumphant "Cock Eyed World" appears at the George M. Cohan Theatre under the title "Flight." It is as pitiful an imitation as any we shall see. Besides the "Cock Eyed World," there is a suggestion in this picture of "Wings," with mild photography of naval aviation. The plot goes back to "The Courtship of Miles Standish." There are two marine comrades, played by Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, whose hard-boiled characteristics wouldn't fool Elsie Dinsmore; and Lila Lee, as a trained nurse named Elinor, appears in Nicaragua at exactly the opportune moments for the plot. It's a pretty obnoxious and extraordinarily dull picture.

IF there is an irresistible urge in your heart to go to the movies, and there is nothing about to see except "The Drake Case" or "Why Leave Home?" you will not have a miserable time of it. "The Drake Case" is a mystery play with long, conventional trial scenes and some moments of suspense. "Why Leave Home?" is the movie of "Cradle Snatchers," the comedy that shocked New York some years ago with the first breath of rumor about gigolos. It's rather amusing, very light, a little silly, and done well by Sue Carol, David Rollins, and Ilka Chase. —J. C. M.

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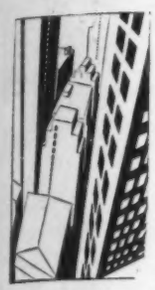

IN the cause of No Panic on Moving Day, we drop our usual preoccupation with pantry sinks and fireplace dampers, and devote this department to suggestions for pulling the claws of the moving bogey. We repeat valuable tips from last year, and supplement them with new red-hot ones, which should be good because as a matter of fact we are trying frantically to follow them ourself this very afternoon.

IN the first place, don't install your furniture while the floor-scraper and the paperhanger are still at work. Large gobs of paste on the piano, and a bushel of shavings on the velvet couch, will be the results. Go to storage if you can afford it. The same old reliables of the moving business stand ready to move you straight from one home to the next, or to pack your treasures neatly away in their vaults. Among them:

COLUMBIA STORAGE WAREHOUSES, Columbus Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, Trafalgar 2977.

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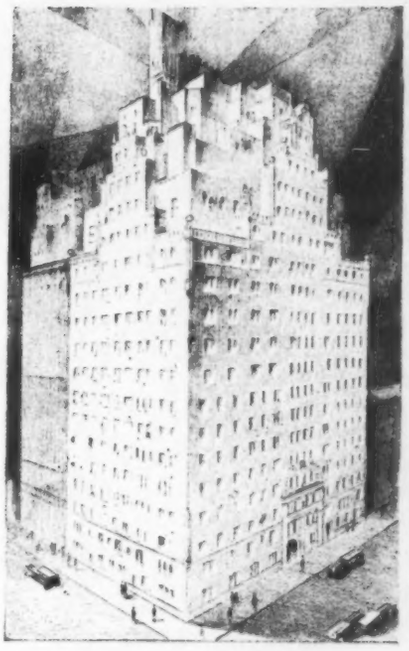

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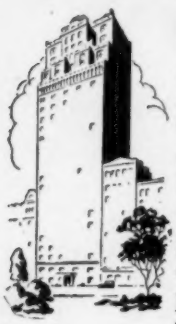

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Phone Plaza 3500

BUILT AND OWNED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

and Forty-second Street, Wisconsin 4710.

Estimates will show that the prices of these firms are about the same. When you make your decision, notify your insurance company that you are moving, to be sure that your household insurance covers your goods in transit.

THE moment you lease your new apartment, phone your plans to your telephone-exchange official. For any but the simplest one-phone installation, it's wise to go over the new ground with a company man and point out where you want extensions and jacks for plugging in portable phones. There is no charge for any number of them beyond the cost of wiring.

Call the Consolidated Gas Company, Stuyvesant 4900, and the Edison Company, Stuyvesant 5600, and tell each that you are moving, being explicit about addresses and dates. An electric refrigerator or kitchen range of your own can be equipped with a special meter whose rate is much less than the charge for lighting. Also, if your ice machine is your own, it will need attention from its sponsors after it has been reinstalled. For a Frigidaire, call Watkins 3707; for a Kelvinator, Bryant 0800; for a General Electric, Vanderbilt 7120. If you own a Servel gas refrigerator, Columbus 1173 will send someone around to feel its pulse.

T. M. STEWART & Co., Columbus 7212; W. & J. Sloane, Wickersham 5600; Kent-Costikyan, Murray Hill 2994; or your own pet rug-scrubber should be summoned at this point to take away all rugs that need cleaning or repairing. They should deliver the rugs to your new home the day before the furniture is brought in. By the same token, the decorator who originally made your curtains might take them away and clean or alter them. Get your cabinetmaker to take away all trembling chairs and tables and bring them to your new home after treatment. At least a week before moving buy several dozen key-tags. Label every key to every drawer and trunk, and have a locksmith in to replace missing ones. You can then pack all your personal belongings in the chests and bureaus, and lock and forget them. Silver and linen will likewise go into their own locked trunks. Mirrors, pictures, lamps, ornaments, china, glassware, books, music, phonograph records, kitchen and electric appliances, cushions,

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A NEW AND DISTINGUISHED RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD IN WHICH SOME OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST CITIZENS HAVE ALREADY ESTABLISHED THEIR PERMANENT HOMES. HEAVILY WOODED. BEAUTIFUL ROLLING HILLS. ATOP THE WEST SLOPE OF THE HUDSON RIVER PALISADES. HIGHLY RESTRICTED IN EVERY DETAIL. UNITS ARE AVAILABLE FROM ONE-HALF ACRE UPWARDS.

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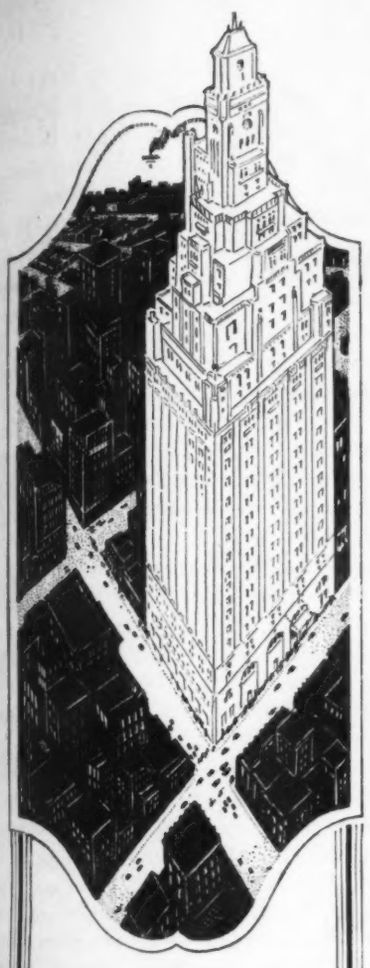

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WALLACE K. SEELEY, *Manager*
Telephone Plaza 2700

and your great-aunt's waxwork flowers can be left just where they are, as the moving company is used to facing them without a tremor.

If, during the past winter, you invested in a cord of practically gold firewood, and there is a lot left, have it packed on the van and put in the cellar of your new apartment house.

Your piano will have to be tuned and cleaned after being moved. Its own people will probably be best for it. Call the Aeolian Company, Plaza 5400, for a Duo-Art of any make. For others: Hardman, Peck & Company, Caledonia 2650; Knabe, Ampico, Chickering, and Mason & Hamlin, Bryant 0700; Steinway, Circle 8060. Wurlitzer, Wisconsin 8140, or Charles H. Ditson & Company, Ashland 6200, will care for a piano of any odd make, and Wanamaker, Gramercy 6200, will handle a Bechstein. An organ is the charge of Estey, Circle 0327. Landay Brothers, Wisconsin 8900, will install and adjust your automatic phonograph and your radio. Incidentally, if you should be moving to a house in which the electric current is different from your old one, you will have to buy a transformer or a generator for your radio and phonograph.

BEFORE they take your desk away, write to all the magazines to which you subscribe and to all the shops where you have accounts, giving your new address and mentioning the old one as well. Fill out a post-office forwarding order on a pink card (obtainable from the postman). The last day before you move, pass on the news to your laundry, newsdealer, marketmen, and other tradespeople. Let the milk company know: Borden, Vanderbilt 8900; Sheffield, Columbus 8400; Walker-Gordon, Plaza 1150. Tell the iceman, if you still know one; Knickerbocker Ice, Plaza 0325, for instance.

THE old question of tips is with us now. In both your old apartment house and your new, you give the doormen, elevator boys, janitor, et al., a rousing Merry-Christmas-in-October. For the crew of the moving van, a rough ten per cent of the whole bill, proffered to the boss to divide among the boys, is very fair.

A visit to your aunt in Ridgefield is the ideal way for you to spend moving day; but in any case, send the children to her with all their pets, and the servants to the movies. *Vale.*

—PENTHOUSE

SEASONED air-travelers have "learned the ropes" — they have definite standards of safety, comfort, speed and service in air travel. They look for luxurious air-liners, large enough to insure smooth flying, multi-motored for speed and safety—for dependable schedules—for service which anticipates every request.

From such Travelers, Colonial Wins Approval

Colonial service covers every detail — transportation to and from airports, baggage arrangements, steward service en route.

Colonial fourteen-passenger planes, swift, trimotored, dependable, are true "liners of the skies."

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Two planes daily—steward service—transportation to airports—1 hour, 45 minutes. *Colonial Air Transport, Inc., 80 Federal St., Boston—270 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

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Daily service each way, via Albany—cabin planes. 4 hours to Montreal. *Canadian Colonial Airways, 270 Madison Ave., N.Y. — Mt. Royal Hotel, Montreal.*

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Twice daily over Niagara — Sikorsky Amphibions—a 45 minute trip. *Colonial Western Airways, Inc., Rand Building, Buffalo — Royal York Hotel, Toronto.*

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—in the territories served by the Colonial Airways, maintain flying schools and distribute Fairchild, Fleet and Pitcairn planes. Complete maintenance, repair and service facilities are operated at every important airport on the Colonial System and special charter and passenger flights are carried out to and from all recognized airports.

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Just prior to the
Holiday Season

BETTERIDGE

announces a

SALE *of Jewelry*

A SPECIAL sale a year ago, occasioned by the reconstruction of our Fifth Avenue store, met with a most cordial response and the unusual number of purchases made room for holiday replacements. We therefore repeat the attraction for the two week period, September 10th to 30th.

This presents exceptional opportunities for the purchase of the finer diamonds, jewelry and silverware, as our entire stock, with the single exception of Gruen watches, is offered at a special reduction.

The privilege of selecting for later delivery may be arranged.

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PA

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 11

PARIS, and we want to be the first to spread the good news, has been deader than a doornail. Theatres have been closed, also shops, restaurants, and half the shutters and front doors in town. For a fortnight it was possible to stay home with a good book and nod over it in the old-fashioned literary way, without stuffing cotton in one's ears or taking up drugs. With taxis and taxpayers absent, Paris becomes dead and divine. By day there is opportunity for sidewalk dawdling and gazing; there is peace for reinvestigating the fine eighteenth-century fenestration along the emptied streets of the Marais, and for appreciating the Louvre's cornices and its ripe dahlia garden alone in the dusk. For fourteen days and nights Paris was an elegant deserted village; all its boulevards lacked under their spreading chestnuts was the blacksmith.

NOR was this quietus put on the town by the rotogravure sections' having gone off for smart sunning and sinning by the sea. The rotogravurers had already been gone for weeks and aren't missed yet. What paralyzed Paris was the solemn annual two-week hegira of the true Parisian —the butcher, the baker, the antique-candlestick faker. These three, and several hundred thousand more, temporarily went back to nature and their nearest relatives in Ticheville-le-Sap or Osquish, and took their one child, their one dog, or cat, with them.

For economy's sake, honeymoons are often combined with this holiday; thus one returns from the artificialities of Deauville to find not only that one's fish merchant is off relaxing on a little fishing trip but also that his youngest daughter has just wed the corner creamery-lady's son—an item of human and possibly financial neighborhood importance, and a smart bit of social climbing on the part of pretty Mlle. Poisson (one of six sisters), since young M. Crème is sole heir to his mother's Infant Jesus Milk & Fresh Egg establishment. One also learns that one's favorite old barber has become a grandfather. . . . It isn't the absence of duchesses that makes the town seem empty these days. It is the continued absence of that favor-

ite barber, dallying by the crib of a fat baby boy in Osquish, while one's hair grows long enough to braid.

GENIUS is a talent only for living; those who possess it have little gift for dying. Diaghileff's recent demise has furnished a new and sadder version of "Death in Venice." His famous Russian Ballet would soon have been twenty-five years old, a remarkable antiquity for a theory and practice so dependent upon youth. Mimes, musicians, and manners by becoming part of his troupe became part of his twentieth-century aesthetic movement—one which in many ways was as influential as the new school of painting, but which unfortunately left nothing but memories as its masterpieces. Memories do not pay. Of its great originals—Mordkin, Bakst, Pavlowa, Nijinski, Stravinski, among others—Diaghileff was the only one who persisted in following the initial imperial tradition; the others quietly became middle-aged, went mad, grew addicted to perpetual farewell tours, or died. Therefore, the recent coffers of the Ballet which altered stage décors in England, France, and America, and left a new rich heritage of color and form to a generation that originally wished for neither, were often empty. According to report, Diaghileff had only two thousand *lire* to his name at the beginning of his last illness, and hoped by dying quickly to die within his means; but bills to Venetian chemists and hotelkeepers left him a posthumous pauper. It is said he was buried through the generosity of Gabrielle Chanel, dressmaker.

AT a smart bathing carnival recently held in Dieppe, Cécile Sorel of the Comédie Française, as star of the historic impersonations included in the program, went as the Duchesse de Berry: a colorful lady of the eighteen-thirties who escaped from a prison at Nantes, tried to put her boy on the Bourbon throne, and finally succeeded only in being remembered as the first society woman of Europe to go bathing. Owing to the duchess' flighty character, she momentarily gave swimming, or even floating, for ladies a black eye; in the end she unknowingly started the biggest de luxe summer business in the land. Unfortunately she started it at the wrong end—the north. To this day the chill Norman and Breton beaches, with their fine

ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS *freshly baked in America*

Strawberry Cream

FULL FLAVORED in all the delicious variety made possible by custard, maple, orange, sugar, honey, chocolate, lime or lemon and enriched with fresh eggs and pastry butter: such are Weston's English Quality Biscuits. Although originated by English bakers steeped in the difficult traditions of biscuit making, and baked in English ovens, *these famous dainties are now made in the United States!* That is why they are fresher than the imported biscuit, and why they cost no more at your store than the ordinary cookies or cakes you have been buying. Ask for Weston's English Quality Biscuits. The Weston Biscuit Corporation, New York, N. Y.—Boston, Mass.—Toronto, Canada.

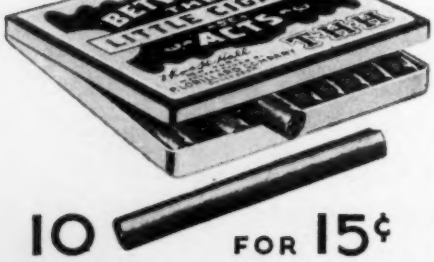
WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

DROP
CIGAR SMOKING?

Certainly not!
there's always time for a
BETWEEN THE ACTS

You know those nervous moments . . . between quarters at a football game . . . between acts on an opening night . . . between conferences on busy days . . . when you'd almost trade a Liberty Bond for a few sweet puffs on your favorite cigar. *That's just the niche B. T. A.'s fill . . . for they are simply ten small editions of the best 15 cent cigar you ever smoked.*

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS



Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York. N. Y.
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sands and faint sun, remain popular with the old French. The hot and rocky Mediterranean, where the beach is often made of rubber, or even funny old imported sand, is the favorite of Anglo-Saxons, with the French regional hotelkeepers kindly urging them on.

Cannes' success this year has been riotous. What the Lido was and Antibes became, Cannes also is. The same group of London-New Yorkers that made the Lido chic, and deserted it, has so marked Cannes, and will desert it the moment it has fame, a new summer casino, and a female population entirely in pants. The effect of a summer city whose female population consists of lovely boys named Norma or Madge, in silken pants, is astonishing and pretty. Fashion plates, if you care to look into them, fail to reveal a similar sartorial situation for the past ten thousand years. It must be the humidity.

—GENÊT

•

WILL-O'-THE-WISP IN TOWN

Will-o'-the-wisp has come to town
To flicker and dance through mart and mall,
Leaving his lair 'mid the cattails brown
Where black ooze bubbles and bitterns call.

Madly his mocking lanthorn swings,
Beckoning blue where dim lanes lure;
Goodfolk gasp at the hints it brings,
Turn and follow that spark unsure. . . .

Homage, there, that Milady yearns
Now that her transient beauty's spent;
There, bright gold for the miser burns;
There blooms peace for the malcontent;

Noble lover for humble lass;
Fame and fortune for nameless lad—
Youth and glamour and riches pass,
All in shimmering witch-light clad!

Where the mischievous beacon leads
Fevered they press—at last to fall
Baffled, among the sodden reeds,
Whence shadowy laughter mocks them all. . . .

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From a story in Liberty*]

With his former pals safely stowed away, he went straight, as straight as most of us are. He got a job in a theatrical box office.

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WAVESET

For Finger-Waving Your Hair

Splendid for the Permanent Wave

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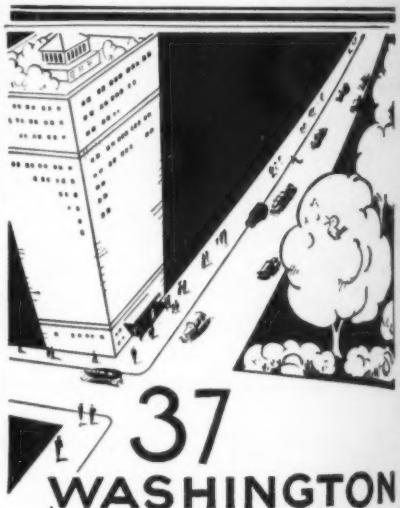

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Facing the park at the sunny, Southwest corner of Washington Square. Exposure to air and sunlight on East, South and West. Apartments of 3, 4, 5 and 6 rooms—1, 2 and 3 baths. Woodburning fireplaces, General Electric refrigeration, incinerators, cedar closets, bathrooms of colored tile and enclosed shower baths.

Leases from October 1st.

MANAGING DIRECTOR ON PREMISES
Telephone Spring 8690—or see your own broker

THE SKY LINE

Romance in the Countinghouse — Midtown Moderns — Regrets

WE have taken the trip downtown that we have long been promising ourself, and have inspected the latest offerings in business architecture. Apparently there has been a lessening of activity since our last visit.

THE most recent addition in the Wall Street neighborhood is Delano & Aldrich's building, the main floor of which is occupied by Brown Brothers, the bankers. This, the first essay of these architects in the field of skyscrapers, is decidedly successful. They have handled a difficult plot with ingenuity, and the triangular termination of the building, peering over adjacent structures, adds a romantic note to the downtown landscape.

The buff brick and limestone are agreeable in color and the various profiles of the mass are rather unusual. We were conscious, however, of a slight confusion of styles. The gargoyles at the top suggest Gothic, while the fluted pilasters below are distinctly classic. Yet the design composes well. Particularly effective are the medallions at the base of the building which, on a large and vigorous scale, reproduce motives from ancient Greek coins. The owl of Minerva, the head of Zeus, the graceful profile of Apollo—all are carved with force and a true sense of architectural decoration.

The private entrance to Brown Brothers' offices is a rotunda, beautifully floored in dark marbles and roofed by a coffered dome, from which a graceful staircase with dark woodwork rises to the main banking room. The architects have gone frankly modern in the entrance to the elevators, which is wainscoted from floor to ceiling in black marble. This is decidedly effective, with the jointing emphasized by a studding of dull silver stars. The lighting of this lobby is also ultra-modern, but throughout there is an atmosphere of restraint and probity of artistic taste.

JUST across Wall Street from Brown Brothers is the Seamen's Bank; no longer an architectural novelty, but worthy of mention. A conscientious tour of our New York banking rooms

THE CORNER OF CORNERS

40 Fifth Avenue

Southwest Corner of 11th Street

~Near Washington Square~

100% COOPERATIVE

Surrounded by the dignity of churches

The Only 5 Room Corner Apartments for Sale on Fifth Avenue AT ANY PRICE

AND yet, these comfortable and spacious suites may be purchased for as little as $15,000 on the 5th floor with monthly maintenance from $150—surely highly economical for Fifth Avenue homes.

The building, of charming colonial style, is the only 100% cooperative in the quaint Washington Square section of the Avenue. Protected on all sides by street or church property, it affords sunlight and outlook rare, indeed, in New York.

Now 80% sold and nearly ready for occupancy — you have but to visit the building to appreciate the unique appeal of the structure and surroundings.

Also a 6 and 9 room maisonette and a few 4 and 7 room apartments from $14,500

All with open fireplaces—some with glass enclosed loggias. 5 year terms of payment may be arranged.

Occupancy this month

Branch office on premises open daily and Sunday

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THE Guards, themselves, are not better drilled to hold a line than the trousers trained in the way they should hang by the Guards Line--distinguished Braces by Pioneer. You'll find them in a merry melange of color --and in more sedate shades, too --at the shops you patronize.
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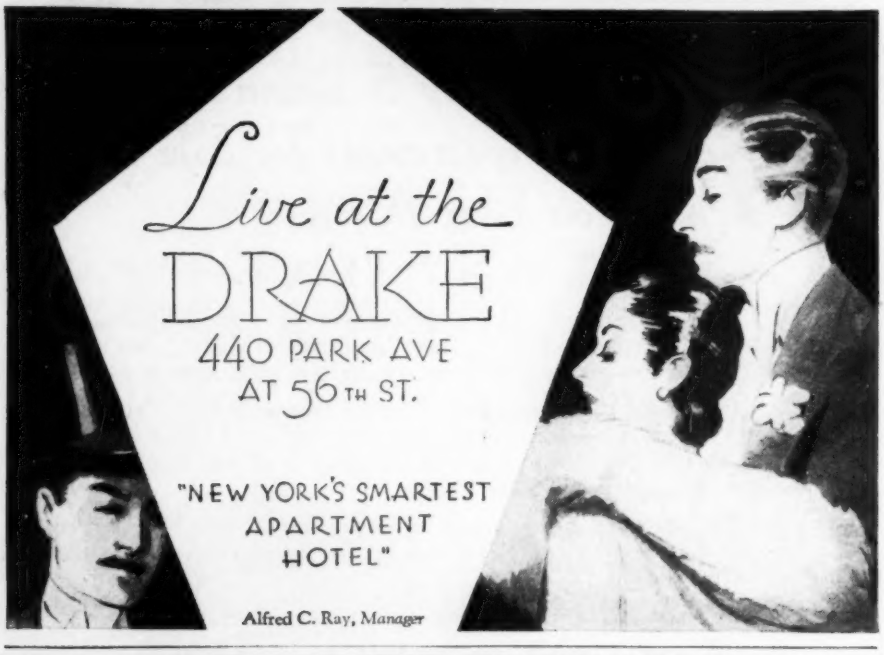

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PARK AVENUE APARTMENT
between 48th and 53rd St.

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Living Room 19.6 x 25.6, Reception Room 9 x 24, Dining Room 15 x 21. 3 Master Bedrooms, 15 Closets, Kitchen, Servants' Rooms, Dining Room and Pantry, Bath. $1500 Below Regular Yearly Rental.

V. GREEN COMPANY
45 West 34th St. Wisconsin 4400

would be an exciting revelation to many of our citizens.

The big room of the Seamen's is a joyous affair. At one end there are three large murals by Ernest Peixotto. Its ceiling has decorated beams; and ships, mermaids, and other maritime motives are introduced in the fine grill-work. Benjamin W. Morris, the designer, gave thought and care to every detail.

IN the midtown zone we note that Tudor City keeps on growing and that, with the added park areas upon which the various units face, it becomes more and more attractive. The latest addition, on the south side, is a replica of the building just north of it, but unfortunately the view from the lower floors on the river side suffers somewhat from the interposition of one of the New York Edison plants.

Prospect Place, as the enclosed park is called, is a gratifying oasis.

JUST north, in Forty-fourth Street, the new Beaux-Arts Apartments are now completed. They follow modern lines in an interesting combination of tan, red, and black brickwork; between window levels are amusing panels of red striped with black. The apartments are in two units, on opposite sides of the street, so that the balanced, recessed façades make a sort of court-yard of the street. Moreover, cantilever construction makes possible a series of corner windows which recall some of the modern work in Germany and France.

The sponsors of this project are its architects, Kenneth M. Murchison, associated with Raymond Hood, Godley & Fouilhoux.

THERE is other activity in the neighborhood. The name of Raymond Hood appears once more, associated with that of John Mead Howells, in connection with the design of the News Building, which impressed us as decidedly interesting. So is William Van Alen's big Chrysler Building—modern in detail and lively in silhouette.

We wish we could say as much for the huge Lincoln Building but, for the life of us, we cannot. We always turn away from it with a feeling of dismay.

—T-SQUARE

•

Waite Hoyt has opened his new funeral parlors in Larchmont. We need say nothing more.—*Adv. in the Larchmont Times.*

Not to us, anyway.

MAUVE STARTS EARLY GRID DRILL

ALL right now, everybody get around here in a circle. Make it snappy now. From now on everything has to be snappy. First one of you guys I see laying down on the job, that guy hands in his suit and goes out for glee club.

All right. Now for the first couple days we're not going to do much. Some you guys are in pretty good shape as it is, but some of the others I can see got a roll of belly like Gene Tooney probly has, and that has to come off before you put on a suit. From now on at least for the next couple days the idea is to sweat and get rid of that fat and also to sort of get the feel of the ball, see what I mean?

Another thing. I don't give a damn if you made sixty touchdowns in the game against Blair Academy. Makes not a bit of difference to me. So just forget about your prep-school record. And don't wear your prep-school sweater. A sweatshirt will be given you this afternoon and you can buy another from the A. A. for two dollars if you insist on having an extra one.

Let me see. Oh yes. How many you guys read the new rules? All that read the new rules raise their hands. . . . Not bad. Well, you guys that read the new rules—and the rest of you do that tonight, hear?—you guys that read them all know how important it'll be this year to recover fumbles. In the old days you could practically play soccer or basketball but not now any more. *You gotta get that ball on fumbles! You gotta be the first to get it.* No fiddling around, trying to juggle it on your little finger or your nose or something. When I see a man recovering a fumble he wants to have it here, like this, with his knees like this, see? You know why? Well, come here and try and punch that ball out of my arms. . . . You can't do it, see? That's the right way to recover a fumble and hold it. Later on I'll show you how to take it away from another guy, but that can wait for the time being.

ANOTHER thing I'm death on is catching punts. Don't think the safety man is the only one that really has to learn to catch punts. Not a bit of it. Not one bit. Frinstance you may know Tad Jones' quick kick. You probly have seen it sometime. Well, I've seen those quick kicks a thousand times and they don't always

AROUND THE WORLD

ON THE CUNARD SUPER-CRUISING STEAMER

FRANCONIA

SAILING FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 11 NEXT

Street Scene in Singapore

The Real Flavor of the East

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Literature and full information from your local agent or

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AL JOLSON
AT HIS BEST IN HIS NEWEST
BRUNSWICK RECORD
"LITTLE PAL"
THE HIT SONG FROM HIS GREATEST PICTURE
"SAY IT WITH SONGS"
Little Pal
A song of father-love that will leave you damp of eye, open of heart, and better for having heard it.
4400
I'm In Seventh Heaven
It's hot. It's blue. It's jazzy. It's JOLSON.
4400
Used To You
To hear AL JOLSON sing and whistle this number is to acclaim him—The World's Greatest Entertainer.
4401
Why Can't You
The whole philosophy of life in a lyric—sung by the world's greatest philosopher of happiness.
4401
Dance Records by Ben Bernie & His Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra
Little Pal—I'm In Seventh Heaven (4353)
Used To You—Why Can't You (4354)
Brunswick
ELECTRICAL RECORDS

go very far. I've seen a smart centre—a centre, mind you, backing up the line—I've seen a centre bring down one of those quick kicks, reverse his field, and make a touchdown. About that reversing-your-field business, though, we'll take that up later. I don't give anybody permission to try and reverse the field before I know what that guy can do. Anybody else tries it is out. I don't want one of you truck horses thinking you're Walter French.

Well, I don't want to give you too much the first day. But one or two points before I close. About the cigarettes. I'm leaving it up to each individual fellow whether he smokes. I expect you to all be fair and square about it. If you find it affecting your wind, it's up to you to cut smoking. Cut it out entirely if necessary. You guys are old enough now to be men, and you won't find me snooping around watching to see if you're sneaking a cigarette. However, if I know a guy's wind isn't getting any better and he happens to be smoking, he might as well hand in his suit.

ANOTHER point is this. I've known guys in the past that used to say if you drink a lot of beer while you're training, why it gets you in shape better. One guy, a guy that's right here now although I won't mention his name, this guy had the crust to tell me that the English track teams train on pipes and ale. Well, this isn't England. I like a glass of beer myself but I made the team ten years ago, see? I can safely say that the beer won't do you any good. So I'm gonna ask you guys to stay out of the Inn during the season. I'm giving you this warning, because I go to the Inn myself and I'm liable to see you there. I won't make a show if I do see you, but the guy on this squad that takes a couple laps of beer, the next day at practice he gets ten extra laps around the field. Out of football season I'll drink with any one of you, but not in season.

All right, six laps around the field, no cutting corners, and then take a shower and a swim. One-thirty tomorrow afternoon, right here. Wear bathing suits and football shoes. All right, go ahead. —JOHN O'HARA

•

GENT'S laundry taken home. Or serve at parties at night.—*Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph.*

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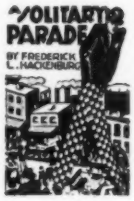

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RECENT BOOKS

To Heaven on Arpeggios — Black Statecraft — Beauty and the Great

THERE is a certain operatic quality about "The Love of the Foolish Angel," the first selection of the new Book Society of England. Miss Helen Beauclerk's writing has the suave, ingratiating touch of Massenet's music. It is ornamental and perfumed; sentimental in a bland way. The story, too, is operatic. Tamael, the angelic devil, is a perfect tenor, and Basilea, the Christian maiden whom he is hellishly but reluctantly bound to seduce, is the sort of rôle to please the fancy of Jeritza. And there are Oriental orgies (with ballet possibilities) presided over by a handsome witch whose vocal range is undoubtedly contralto. In the end, the well-intentioned devil and his Basilea are wafted to Heaven on arpeggios, after being properly married, of course.

I am not sneering at the selection of the Book Society. "The Love of the Foolish Angel" has a shimmering and persuasive beauty, and a delicate irony. It is a book, however, for a rather special audience; say, for instance, those who enjoy "Thaïs."

THE murky political doings in Washington and the defeated South immediately after the Civil War are presented in a sordid panorama in "The Tragic Era." The amount of research work that went into this compilation of black statecraft is rather staggering; but all the vast detail doesn't slow down the pace of a swift and terrific drama. Claude G. Bowers presents the dark side of the Northern victory, but beneath his indignation there is justice. For instance, his study of Thaddeus Stevens is the first I have read that has given the man some likable qualities. Mr. Bowers' picture of the negro in the South after the war is fair and sympathetic.

For all its facts and for all its evidence, Mr. Bowers' book is shrewd in that he very definitely places his events in an actual social background. The abstractions of the Reconstruction problem are never divorced from the

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element of human character or the spirit of the times. Back of the chronicler is the voice of a novelist, and it is this enlivening quality that makes "The Tragic Era" one of the most readable contributions to American history.

FRANCES, Countess of Warwick, flirts with the reader all through "Life's Ebb and Flow." She also gossips and moralizes a little, in a pleasant way. Lady Warwick has saved all her newspaper cuttings, treasured all her letters, and remembered all her compliments. She spreads these evidences of the richness of her life with the air of a very charming grandmother entertaining the children on a rainy day. You fall in love with her because hers is the story of a brave rash heart, and because, too, the book is illustrated with pictures of a woman who was dazzlingly beautiful even in the stuffy clothes of the nineties. Who could help being smitten with admiration for a woman whose letters ranged from intimate and friendly notes from royal suitors to polite and more distant epistles from Upton Sinclair? Lady Warwick invests herself, her friends, and her era with a fine sunset glow of romance.

THOSE unpleasant persons, Lord and Lady Byron, continue their interminable squabble in "The Life of Lady Byron," by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Here is more digging up of old letters—great masses of them, because Lord and Lady Byron, together with all their friends and relatives, took pen in hand at the slightest provocation. They weren't people to muffle a family scandal. It was a messy quarrel, with wailings and snarlings on both sides; but now it belongs to literature, along with other dusty scandals on library shelves. Miss Mayne's book is complete and authoritative, and the great array of documents is presented in scholarly and orderly fashion. Miss Mayne's sympathies are with Lady Byron, who was undoubtedly the world's most indiscreet letter-writer.

WHILE I am at the biographies, there is "A Great Rich Man," which is, of all things, about Sir Walter Scott. I like the fresh, uncritical treatment that Louise Schnutz Boas gives to the life of a kind and honest man. Miss Boas approaches him, not as a literary figure, but as a human being. His is a sort of glorified success story, and Miss Boas graciously invests

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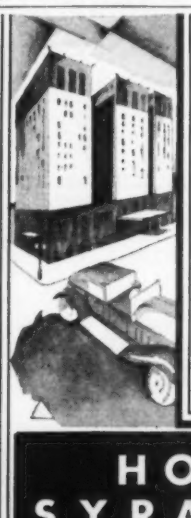

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her hero with some of the warm romance he so generously bestowed on others.

THE odd title of "Ten to One in Sweden," by Paddy Sylvanus, belongs to the adventures of an English governess in a small Scandinavian town. As a picture of life in an alien household in a romantic but trying climate, it is fascinating. The anecdotes of the prolonged Swedish festivals and the amazing dinners are as amusing reading as you will find. The book has an uncanny way of taking you into the intimacies of a foreign land and it has a good sense of adventure. At times, however, one gets out of patience with Miss Sylvanus for seeing German propaganda in trivial incidents, and for bawling out the Swedes in best governess fashion. Probably Miss Sylvanus suffered much, although she was treated like a royal guest, but I should also like to know what the Swedes thought of the "English Miss."

NOW to be brief: In his "Atmosphere of Love," André Maurois, with surgical dexterity, analyzes the behavior of human beings in marriage. M. Maurois lets the husband tell the story of his first marriage and then gives the floor to the second wife to speak her piece about the man. This is an ideal method of presenting a fully rounded character—both from inside and outside. The story is written with hard brilliance and excellently translated by Dr. Joseph Collins.

The hero of "Lone Tree" is a rich cattleman who tarries in a New York hospital so that his wife can't force him to eat artichokes. The author is Harry Leon Wilson, which means that, in spite of its being heavily streaked with sentiment, you ought to read it.

If you missed H. R. Wakefield's first collection of ghost stories, you have a chance to catch up with "Others Who Returned." Mr. Wakefield's ghosts are real ghosts and not just loose shutters or defective flues in the chimney.

"Individual Psychology" is by Erwin Wexberg, of the post-Freudian school. The post-Freudians allow you to dream your dreams and still keep your self-respect. To me the most admirable part of the book is a passage warning amateurs not to psychoanalyze their nearest and dearest, if they would keep peace in the family. A thought like that makes "Individual Psychology" safe for any home. —A. W. S.

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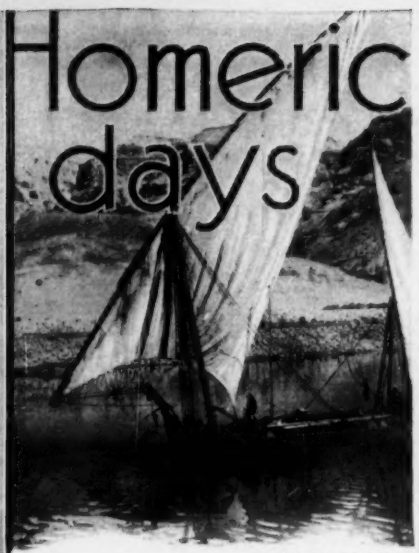

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Love of the Foolish Angel, by Helen Beauclerk (*Cosmopolitan*). The earthly adventures of a gentlemanly young devil, beautifully and fragilely written.

Atmosphere of Love, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). Surgical analysis of marriage in the best modern French manner.

Ten to One in Sweden, by Paddy Sylvanus (*Appleton*). Sprightly and not over-friendly study of Scandinavians by an English governess who lived in Sweden—and remained an English governess.

Lone Tree, by Harry Leon Wilson (*Cosmopolitan*). Heavily sentimental tale of a rich cattleman who refused to eat artichokes; but it's by Harry Leon Wilson.

Others Who Returned, by H. R. Wakefield (*Appleton*). Short stories of ghosts that are really ghosts and not loose shutters.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). Fine study of human courage, and a great tragic novel.

The Dark Journey, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual and mechanically perfect prizewinner.

The Beautiful Years, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A naturalist surveys a small boy under his microscope.

Wings on My Feet, by Howard W. Odum (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Dancing narrative of a black Ulysses at the war.

Against the Wall, by Kathleen Millay (*Macaulay*). To "raise hell with women's colleges," as you've probably heard.

Singermann, by Myron Brinig (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The social adjustment of an immigrant family told with sanity and beauty.

Life Goes On, by W. G. Rogers (*Liveright*). Stenographic record of the conversations in an American home during one gruesome evening. Funny, in a mean way.

The Half Pint Flask, by DuBose Heyward (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Negro ghost story that wouldn't scare even the most timid.

Red Cavalry, by I. Babel (*Knopf*). Soviet literature. For those who can make anything out of it.

Less recent:

The History of Egg Pandervil, by Gerald Bullett. Bright Intervals, by Nancy Hoyt. The World's Delight, by Fulton Oursler. The Young May Moon, by

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MYSTERIES

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THE MURDER IN THE BROWNSTONE HOUSE, by Wilson Collison (*McBride*). . . . THE DUKE OF YORK'S STEPS, by Henry Wade (*Payson & Clarke*). . . . THE INVISIBLE WEB, by H. Ashton-Wolfe and Edmond Locard (*Stokes*).

GENERAL

THE TRAGIC ERA, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton Mifflin*). Events and personages of the Reconstruction period brought to life in a dramatic book.

LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW, by Frances, Countess of Warwick (*Morrow*). Gossip and romance of a vanishing era as remembered by one of its great ladies.

A GREAT RICH MAN, by Louise Schnutz Boas (*Longmans, Green*). The success story of Sir Walter Scott.

THE LIFE OF LADY BYRON, by Ethel Colburn Mayne (*Scribner*). Scandal that has become literature.

INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY, by Erwin Wexburg (*Cosmopolitan*). How you get that way, by a post-Freudian.

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith (*Harcourt, Brace*). All the facts that are fit to print.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: THE PLAYER QUEEN, by John Garber Palache (*Longmans, Green*). The perennial biography—and very good.

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin (*Scribner*). Life of a baffling woman who eludes even her biographer. Fascinating reading.

SKIPPY AND OTHER HUMOR, by Percy Crosby (*Greenberg*). Collection of drawings worth owning.

DAWN GINSBERGH'S REVENGE, by S. J. Perelman (*Liveright*). Slapstick clowning by one of New York's cutups.

Less recent:

THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME, by Dorothy L. Sayers. A BOOK OF OTHER WINES THAN FRENCH, by P. Morton Shand. NORAVIND, by Dudley Vail Talcott. THE GREAT MARY CELESTE HOAX, by Laurence J. Keating.

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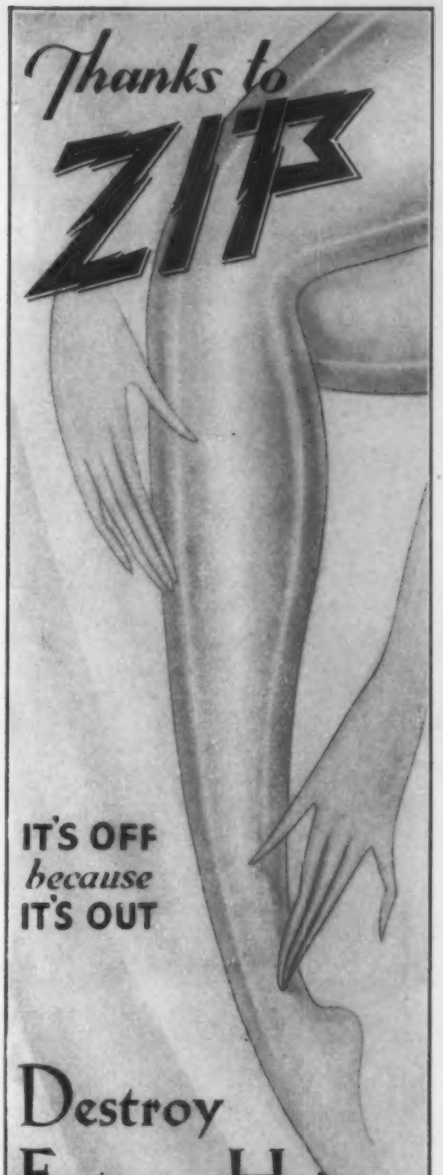

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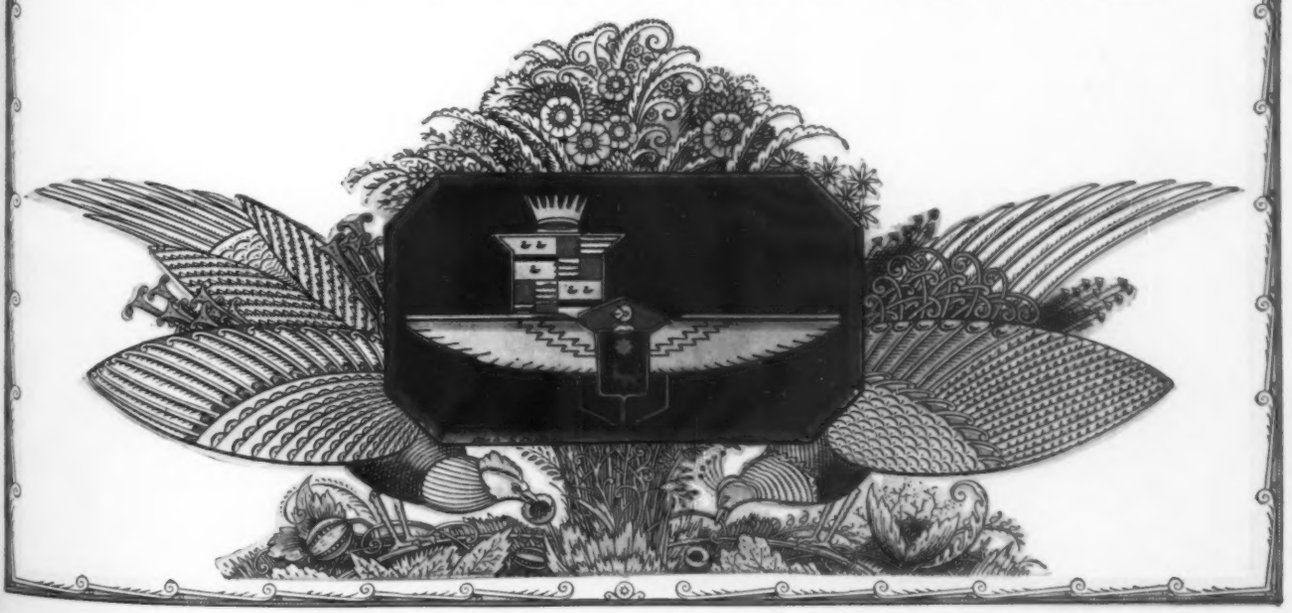
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